

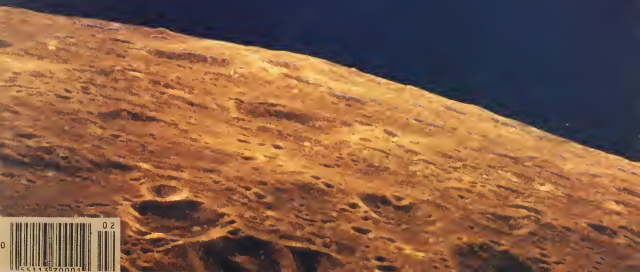
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

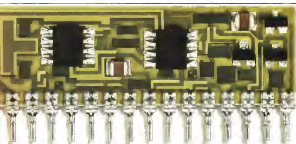
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## EDITORIAL

By Peter C. Newman



eration of Canadian diplomats (a disproportionate number of them Rhodes Scholars who could instantly be spotted by references to their home country as "Canada") perfected the "quiet diplomacy" approach that turned the East Block, where they worked, into the country's most illustrious graduate school.

## Medicare

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January 11, 1982

## Up the economy

According to your article about Canada's economy (Canada, Dec. 30), Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bouey "... is convinced the economy has entered a crucial phase which might determine the success or failure of his own and the government's policies." Judging by Bouey's action of accepting a \$9,000 raise, maybe it is assumed that he feels all it will? And if so, would someone please welcome the man to Fantasy Island?

— G. J. MATHIAS  
Kings County, N.S.

## Hold the wormwood and vinegar

I protest against the use of the phrase "... tight-lipped Presbyterian mule, all wormwood and vinegar made" that Ailes Fetheringham wrote in his column *A Week That Ate of Your* (Dec. 28). I would also protest against it if used to refer to Roman Catholics or Jews.

—PEGGY KESTERHAME  
Ottawa

## On the road again

A bouquet (yellow roses for men) to George Jeays (Probus, Dec. 21). What our cold and barren lives need this winter is a little more heat from the fire of the age-old war, the battle of the sexes. What is wrong with stereotypes? Morally or not, many people do believe them. Ailes Fetheringham, for one, believes that Canadian public life would



Bouey: welcome to 'Fantasy Island'

be less "blue and grey" if only we too could have a female prose master (Column, Dec. 14). In truth, many liberated males don't mind women in the driver's seat. We just wish they were better drivers.

—JOE DUBOIS  
Starkton, Sask.

## Beyond the adorable

In an otherwise interesting and sympathetic review of Mary McLean's autobiography, *I, Myself*, Ailes Fetheringham (Books, Dec. 7), I was surprised that you missed the most profound level of the book—namely the daring to leap into the native of one's most private self and

to explore that place in order to share the possibility that some kinds of hell can be survived. Most autobiographies now appearing are purely turgid reflections of why we should pay attention to yet one more self-admiring, otherwise unadmirable, personality. McLean goes far beyond that kind of writing that it puts her back on a level with the finest biographical writing of our time.

—TIMOTHY TUCKER  
Cunnington, Ont.

## Murder or violent sexuality?

You refer to the sculpture entitled *Woman with Her Throat Cut* (Art, Nov. 26) as being "... charged with a violent sexuality." If the sculpture had depicted a man with severed head and was entitled *Man with His Throat Cut*, would you have termed it violent sexuality or murder?

—A. THOMAS  
Lacombe, Alta.

## Portraits of heady times

I was tremendously amused by the pictures accompanying your cover story on the constitution (Dec. 14) On the cover Pierre Trudeau displays a cat-that-swallowed-the-canary-type smile which makes one wonder just what he has put over on us. Inside, Joe Clark looks as if he's saying that he will wait before committing himself. And Ed Broadbent is obviously giving someone a hearty *Bravo* about his wonder your opinion reads, "there could be heady times ahead."

—A. THOMAS DOW & SONS  
Mt. Royal, Sask.

## PASSAGES



**MARRIED:** Los Angeles Dodgers' rookie pitcher strikes out Fernando de Valenzuela, 25, and schoolteacher Lladys Burgo, 22, in her home town of Mérida, Mexico. Valenzuela, who joined the Dodgers after he was passed up by the New York Yankees, helped the team to win its first World Series championship in 16 years last October and became the first rookie to win the Cy Young Award since its inception in 1956. The couple met when Valenzuela was pitching for Toluca in the Mexican League.

**BIRTH:** Yugoslav novelist, dramatist and poet Miroslav Krlina, 85, in Zagreb, capital of his native Croatia. Krlina wrote more than 50 books and had his works translated into all languages but outside of Yugoslavia, he was best known in France and Germany. A member of the Yugoslav Communist Party



died in 1959 and longtime member of the National Assembly. Krlina was an outspoken critic of political and social injustice, whether from the right or left. He was nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1971.

**OBITUARY:** Ghana's President Kofi A. Annan, a coup led by retired flight lieutenant Jerry Rawlings. It was the Ghanaian military's fifth intervention since independence in 1946, and Rawlings' second. In 1979 he overthrew a military regime, handing over power to Limann three months later.

**DEED:** Louis McCookery Ritchie, 87, a former judge with the New Brunswick Court of Appeal and the old Bureaucracy Court of Canada, in a Saint John, N.B., hospital. A corporate lawyer for 35 years before his appointment to the bench, Ritchie later returned to an active role in business, serving as a vice-president of Irving Oil Ltd. and then as president of Atlantic Coast Copper Corp. Ltd. until ill health forced him to retire in July.



**DEED:** Wry Academy Award-winning composer Henry Goreham, 84, in a Palm Springs, Calif., hospital. The creator of such hit tunes as *Swingin' with the Boys*, *Georgia on My Mind* and *In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening* began his career as a lawyer in his native Indiana. He turned to composing full time when Shorbut, a tune he had scribbled on the front page of a law book in half an hour, became a big hit in 1939.

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## Only the tip of the hat

Thanks for your excellent feature on the Canadian steel industry (Business, Dec. 1). However, you forgot two Canada's steel industry would be "stiff" and steel! Despite the fluffy-daddy policies of conservative old Air Canada and "drop in corporate bucket," CP, A.R., both of them, cannot do well against the most competitive U.S. Canada route. Our strikers are banging in there while U.S. carriers are dropping the flag and, beyond labor, are not well understanding our steel industry has always been efficient, competitive and a true benefit to Canada. Hats off to McWorrell and the likes of Walter Gordon, Hal Harting, Robert Elmer and Raymond Besset!

—BOB MULLIN

—1988 VILSON  
Bedford, N.S.



### Being brought together

I read with anger your article on Ramona Ischaenist Pavel Kozak and his treatment for epidermolysis bullosa (Canada, Dec. 7). This treatment has done a great deal in bringing the people of Munton together. Munton has raised more than \$80,000 to send Kozak Colaba, a sufferer of the disease, to

Germany for treatment. Kousk, you say, offers little more than hope to the disease's sufferers. Well, isn't it hoped that kept Kousk alive when he suffered from eczema?

—TINA FITTERLY  
Minneapolis, N.Y.

### Seizing the opportunity

In your article *Warfare in the Corridors of Power* (Dialoq, Dec. 7) you say that French President François Mitterrand "used" power. I protest against the use of the word "used" in this context. The government of France was changed by popular vote, in an election that was conducted according to the laws of the country. To imply otherwise, even inadvertently, fosters unnecessary misunder-

—NANCY FREEMAN  
*South Sea Mums, Inc.*

During the nine

Who are you kidding? Your article *The Elong of the Credit Card Task* (Consumerism, Dec. 14) states that it irks credit card managers when people buy

now and pay later, and your return is that the credit card business is a loser. Is it not true that participating businesses give the issuer a discount of some three to five per cent for prompt payment? And if every bill paid within 20 days, the issuer would turn his investment over about 12 times a year for a minimum return of about 36 per cent. Not bad for any investment. Your article fails to really inform us about the goings-on in the credit card business.

Shannon, Calif.

### A rescue of a different color

Your description of the dramatic rescue of 35 seamen off St John's Island (Canada, Dec 7) is the most intact piece of journalism I have ever read. While Capt. MacQuarrie may be a novice at some reports, it is hardly accurate to call him the "poor man" of the rescue. Credit should have gone to the entire crew of both the Sea King and that "grassy little red and red craft" which was a Vespene helicopter from 415 Search & Rescue Squadron of 1998 Squadron, P.E.I. Each pilot successfully maintained a low altitude, and the Sea King was the vessel under some very adverse weather conditions, thus facilitating the successful hoisting of 35 sailors.

—LEAD BY ANN DORFF  
WVLMont. P. 22

### Making a house a home

Listen Fotheringham's goddess. Where  
Are the Women in the House? (Silence,  
but I do see one that has indignity on her face  
at some time, Assuming that about half  
the voters in Canada are women, it has  
often occurred to me that women could  
fill every political seat in the country  
any time they wished to. All they need  
do is nominate the candidates and get  
the voters out. Fotheringham's female  
fellow should get off her butt, translate  
her quiet rage into political action, and  
turn Canada's blues and greys into  
rainbow hues. Where are the women in  
the House, indeed? — *Wanda S. Gaudin, Oshawa*

100

### Riding into eternity

I wish to congratulate you on the well-presented, positive article *Sibers Had* (p. 10) for Christ (Beliefs, Dec. 7). For an anti-gay, anti-LGBT, anti-gay-couples magazine, that was terrific, for a change.

—SHELLY DALLGREN,  
Carpenter, Sask.



10:PM

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**CBC Television**

# A greedy grab that risks new plays

By Ian Anderson

LAST Nov. 26, a company called Consolidated Computer Inc. (CCI) was sold for \$100,000 cash. The sale should have caused some attention. But in this case, the principal vendor was the hard-fisted federal government. CCI was coughing up red ink at a rate of \$90,000 a day, and the high-technology company had run through \$31 million of government loan guarantees in the five years since Ottawa bought a 20.6 per cent interest. But what started as a \$1-million merry-inflation mess early '83 by this year, no one wanted to admit its authorship: the loan guarantees. As one insider said, it had become simpler for the bureaucracy to add a million dollars here, a million there, than to blow the whistle on CCI.

Two weeks before Ottawa finally unfrosted CCI, Allan Mac-

Eachen brought down the maligned budget, which still hangs like an albatross from his Celtic neck. Among the residence tax "loopholes" his economists discovered, and closed—then partly reopened five weeks later—was an interest-deductibility rule that allowed investors to borrow money to buy stock in companies. The investor was then allowed to deduct the interest charges from his income. Back the men! Hardly. The risk would still find some way to invest in the stock market. But even the risk—and most certainly the not-a-risk—would stop short of investing in a new and risky company. Why?

Look. Where is the entrepreneur? In their puritanical zeal, MacEachen's young economists had stepped subsidizing the dairy appendages in stocks like Gulf Canada Limited, but they had also dried up that precious trickle of risk capital for young Canadian companies.

Brian Marshall is president of the Association of Canadian Venture Capital Companies. From his Toronto office he views Ottawa's decision-making and concludes, "Something's wrong in going on up there." On the one hand, he sees a government that produces a document in the budget package called "Economic Development for Canada in the 1980s." In it, the seven most senior economic ministers blantly assure us that "the government will put into place measures to support high-risk, innovative activity by Canadian entrepreneurs." And then Brian Marshall sees the budget. What it appears to indicate is that Canadian companies should borrow more to finance their growth instead of seeking equity investment. What Marshall knows, however, is that young Canadian companies are already dangerously overfunded with debt. He estimates they now carry about seven times as many borrowed dollars as they do equity dollars. It was no accident that this occurred CCI took government aid as it tried to be the first Canadian company to manufacture computer terminals. Then, as now, Canadian banks were notoriously more conservative than their American cousins in lending to high-tech companies, using the same bench marks as they would for a corner grocery.

Last summer, a University of Western Ontario study, con-

ducted by the department of industry, trade and commerce, delineated the financing problems of small Canadian companies. The study was given to the finance department but, for some unexplained reason, has not yet been released to the public. The study may help the seven economic ministers to decide how they will "support high-risk innovative activity." The pervasive fear among the high-tech companies is that such support will be linked to a grant system in which the bureaucrats will choose which companies have good ideas and which do not. Allotted to this concern is the question of how the government might double research and development spending in Canada to 1.6 per cent of the gross national product by 1995. This will be difficult, of course, given the domination of foreign companies in the same high-tech areas the government proposes to stimulate at the same time it suppresses. A recent private study by Evans Research

Corp. of Toronto shows foreign-owned high-tech companies spending just two cents of every dollar they make in Canada on research and development here. On a worldwide basis, they spend six cents out of every dollar they make. The difference is translated as economic development and jobs.

The federal government is not going to unilaterally create an IIR so matter how much money it spends. Ottawa's typical electronics fund will disburse just \$50 million over three years—or half as much as the government must pay CCI's bankers. Yet the scepticism lingers that by closing the loopholes Ottawa was tilting

the system toward a grant-based system where for incentives. That raises the scary prospect of those same bureaucrats who backed CCI now choosing future winners and losers in the complex high-tech fields which will define industrial development in this decade. Why should they even dream of it? In the U.S., the pool of private venture capital has doubled to nearly \$6 billion in four years. That pool of risk money gave birth to 200 high-tech companies last year alone in Canada. 11 new high-tech companies got an average \$886,000 each in start-up funding—or about half the U.S. average. The gap may be filled by government grants, but, under this system, the bureaucrats, not the skilled innovator, will have to pick the winners. Already the bureaucrats are working with statistics that say, in some cases, three years out of date. Three years is the life-span of most high-tech products. CCI was an idea whose time had come, and then, poof, by the time Ottawa got interested.

What Canada needs most in investors in Canada. This is the strongest case of Canadian economies. So why discourage them? Canada needs to develop its manufacturing, and particularly its electronics manufacturing. Why so? Let's invent, not bureaucratize, make the rules and let the government not share in the rewards of success? The budget has been changed and much of the damage will be repaired. What may be more lasting, however, is the image of a government that does not know where it is going or what it is trying to do.

Mr. Anderson is a staff writer for Maclean's in Ottawa.

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# Skinning the hide off the middlemen

Western trapper Rusty Cordell grips victoriously as he surveys the growing mound of fur-filled sacks in his home-turned-depot. Every day more trappers arrive at Cordell's home, 40 km southeast of Thompson, Man., and hand over their beaver, fox, squirrel, bob and silver pellets to his wife, Nellie, who gives them a 50-per-cent cash advance on what the furs are expected to fetch at auction.

Cordell is part of a growing network of Manitoba trappers mulling against the centuries-old dependence of the fur trade by the Winnipeg-based Hudson's Bay Company. With help from the neighboring Ontario Trappers' Association, they have begun for the first time this season to collect their own fur and market them independently. Once a week, Cordell trucks the furs to the shipping mall in Thompson where the 16,000-member Manitoba Beaver-Trapper Trappers' Association, of which he is vice-president, operates a collection house. From there, the furs are shipped to Winnipeg and then on to the Ontario association's warehouse in North Bay. With promises of generous advances, quicker cash turnaround, and no freight charges, the rebel hunt is winning new converts daily. "The word is spreading," swears Cordell, who has trapped for 43 of his 59 years. "The local buyers and middlemen had trapped over a barrel before, but we're getting rid of them because we're tired of exploitation."

At stake is Manitoba's \$50-million share of Canada's fur trade, which is worth roughly \$800 million. The bulk of the furs are still collected by the Bay or private middlemen and sold to international buyers at Bay auctions in Toronto. Trapper-owned collectives, however, are gaining ground. The Ontario association's share of the market has grown to 58 per cent since it held its first auction in 1989. Association manager Alan Skoff, who this month plans to start additional courses for trappers in Newfoundland and Labrador, estimates the association will pick up 85 per cent of the Manitoba market this year. Skoff predicts that before long the trapper-run auctions will be the only show in Canada. "Hudson's Bay Company and its subsidiary brokers such as Dominion/Goodhue in Winnipeg and Edmanco Fur Sales would like to kill us," he laughs. "We saw how \$2,000 man-

bers across Canada and we're beginning to hurt them."

This winter his association has loaned money to the Manitoba association to buy a new pickup truck, which shuttles furs and furs from Winnipeg to Thompson, collecting furs at markets along the shivering shores of Lake Winnipeg. Embellished on the side of the truck in Cree and English is the legend: TRAPPERS SAVING THE FUR. The message has reached Beaudry, 1,200 km east of Winnipeg, where Chief Philip

because there's just too much territory to cover. I have a phone at home and in the truck and both ring all the time."

Ducharme says trappers were skeptical about the beaver-buying group at first, but exchange quickly led them to say: "In some cases our cash advances prior to the auction are larger than the full price the middlemen were offering. Lots of trappers have scoffed when I told them they'd be getting another payment in addition to the advance, and they're amazed when it comes. It's like Santa coming before Christmas."

Since final cheques did arrive in Manitoba seven days after the first North Bay auction Dec. 9 and 10, the opposition has been losing steam, more seriously. "When we first started the buyers reacted strongly and spread lots of rumors to destroy our credibility," says a smiling Ducharme. "We called their bluff and I guess we'll have almost \$1 million in furs by the time of the next auction in February."

Though the trappers' association charges a semi-per-cent commission to sell furs—the same charged by Dominion/Goodhue Fur Auction Sales—it began by offering more generous cash advances, there are no freight charges and final payments are processed within 10 days of an auction. The quick cash turnaround saves substantial interest payments charged on advances. Charles Cordell, I know trappers who've waited months for final payments from the traditional buyers and they're paying interest on their advances while waiting. The ship goes in Beaudry, but their credit days for auctions and delivery means the fur isn't sold until February and my cheque doesn't come till March. Our system is much faster."

At Dominion/Goodhue, a Bay subsidiary, an angry Leonard Werner sometimes disputes their claims. "We make final payments within 10 working days of their sale. This is just a temper in a temper." Bay officials say they're not worried that their position will surely grow if the Manitoba association follows through on its plans to deliver furs and trappers' equipment next season at the point that undercuts Bay trading posts. In the battle with the Bay, the fur may be just beginning to fly.

—PETER CARLUCCI-GRODGE



Ducharme. We're like Santa coming before Christmas.

Rightly of the Barren Lands Indian Band in flying and trucking furs to the Thompson collection depot every week. "About every man in our community has taken off to the trappers. They're seen the money. The ones that have sold their fur so far have been getting more cash in their first payment on their furs than they got from the Bay store when they bought the furs outright." On sandy 18th Avenue in the sprawling wilderness district of Winnipeg, the trappers' truck pulls up to a warehouse, disgorging its bounty and a bow-tied Gilbert Ducharme, who has just driven 600 km in four days. Ducharme, 65, president of the Manitoba association, says trapper response has been overwhelming. "Next year I think we'll need two extra trucks

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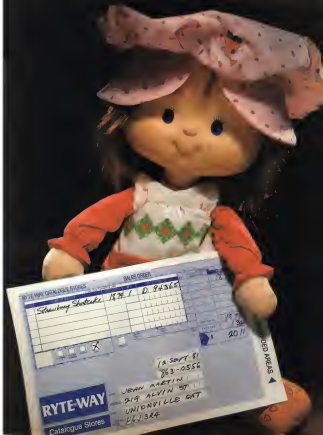
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## Independence takes on a cruel twist

By Caryle Murphy

There was no muller in the pomp and ceremony of the midnight celebrations last month when Ciskei, a wedge of land about 2,000 square miles in size bounded by the Great Fish River, the Great Kei River and the Indian Ocean, became "Independent." At face value it seemed an admirable act for the white minority of South Africa to voluntarily divest itself of part of its territory so that the 2.1 million Ciskeians could have a homeland of their own. But the story of Ciskei's independence is rather like the illicit novel covered in *The Palmers' Progress* jacket. All is not as it seems.

Designated as the home of blacks who speak Xhosa, the "black" language of singer Miriam Makeba, Ciskei (population 800,000), the fourth homeland in independence since 1978, is a good example of the inequity and respectability of the grand design of apartheid. Since 1988 the South African government has forcibly moved an estimated 986,000 Ciskeians, 150,000 of them in the past 10 years, from their homes and jobs in "white" South Africa into Ciskei. The population density is such that subsistence agriculture has become impossible for most. An international

panel of experts who studied Ciskei's prospects for development after independence—and concluded they were dismal—estimated that Pretoria plans to move an additional 283,000 people into Ciskei.

Though there is little doubt of Ciskei's history—its hills are steepled, the rivers run strong, the land is rich—the

**Ciskei southwestern side (above), Christo Sebe (below) long-faced time bomb**



country's economic outlook is bleak. It has no mineral resources, it "imports" 80 per cent of its food from South Africa, its industry consists of 37 factories employing about 4,000 people, and unemployment hovers around 68 per cent. At least 63 per cent of all personal income is earned by residents who work as contract laborers in white South Africa. Four-fifths of Prime Minister Lennox Sebe's national budget will come from Pretoria. And a per-capita income of about \$300 makes Ciskei one of the poorest countries in Africa. "Widespread poverty and destitution, unemployment, ill-health, malnutrition, illiteracy and desertion are some of the curses of rural Ciskeian society," says Trade Thomas, a white pediatrician who has worked in Ciskei for nearly 30 years. "Migration labor is the main reason for this social ills." As far as Prime Minister Sebe is concerned, South Africa "is the economic heart out of the Ciskei" by not honoring its *Kingship* constitution, a small commercial center that was promised in the capital.

Whaddya, Sida, Glesmore, Ciskei. The taxes are pretty, but those rural resettlement rates, the from any prospect of employment or medical care, are not. Wind blows through the hills made

of iron or wooden slats, water comes from a communal tap, and barbed wire serves as toilets. The camps are rife with disease. The residents are mostly old men, women and children—the breadwinners are working in South Africa. "If you see unemployment, see reconstruction camps," says Nkomo Charlton, a professor of political science at nearby Rhodes University. Black Anglican Bishop Desmond Tutu called it "apartheid."

All this suffering is worlds away from Miriam Makeba's Nqwenkwe, but Ciskei's independence efforts have nonetheless. At 34, Nqwenkwe has done well as a black man in South Africa. He is a sharp dresser, a smart talker, handsome and 49-and-looking-in the marketing division of Shell Oil. He drives a company car and rents a company-built house in Soweto, outside Johannesburg. Full of middle-class aspirations, he is one of those the South African government is betting on to blunt revolutionary fervor among the black population. But last month he was stripped of his South African citizenship and made a "foreigner" in the land of his birth. The Ciskei independence act, passed by the all-white parliament, states that all Ciskeians, of whom 1.6 million, live Nqwenkwe, live permanently outside Ciskei. "I shall move to be South African." He was forced to join the ranks of some six million other blacks already "demonstrated" by the three other homeland "independences." "It's terrible," said Nqwenkwe. "It's crippling me. I could not get a job that day the way I have here. And I would like to build my own home here (in Soweto), but the local authorities keep referring me to the District." Since Nqwenkwe is not a citizen of South Africa, he cannot buy land in Soweto.

A series of disgusting events has led many to speculate on the brand of freedom to be expected in Ciskei just one week before independence, the community hall of Soweto was turned into a courtroom. The 32 defendants, all members of the militant Black South African Armed Workers Labor Union (BSAAWU) which has come out strongly against Ciskei's independence, were on trial for allegedly attending an illegal meeting and disturbing the peace. They were seen raising clenched fists, demanding Ciskei's independence and "sing the freedom songs," according to Mag. Gies Charlton Sebe, the head of Ciskei's security police and brother of the prime minister. Following independence, Sebe's government decided that no group can be legally regarded as a political party until it has 10,000 members. And Ministry of Agriculture William Xaka warned that churches opposing Ciskei's independence would be "dark witch." "We are going to be slaves," is

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deau's Ottawa, PC's five-man board is a clear sign of secession.

Fatality for the PC's leadership can be traced back to Maurice Strawn, who is now running his own oil company but was Petrocan's first chairman in 1975. Strawn's right-hand man then, and successor at Petrocan, is Bill Hopper, now a board member of PC as well as Petrocan chairman. PC Chairman Tove worked for Strawn in the department of external affairs' foreign aid office in the 1960s and, later, with Hopper at the International Energy Agency in Paris. Bush have spent the past year strenuously defending the Hopper-Hopper in the oil industry in Calgary, Tove to the Americans in Washington. The fourth member of the board is Ed Clark, a 30-year-old wunderkind who is senior assistant deputy minister at Energy and one of the PC's authors. They have been joined by Bill Jenkins, a career diplomat who was foreign policy advisor to the Trudeau cabinet from 1975 to 1979, later served as ambassador to Saudi Arabia and is now deputy undersecretary for economic affairs at External. Mentored by the weight of its influence among Trudeaus, this group has few equals. It meets as a board for the first time this month.

Given the immensity of poor countries' oil needs, PC can use all the money and influence it can muster. The World Bank forecasts that developing countries' oil consumption will grow in the decade to 1990 from 15 million barrels a day to 11.2 million, while their production rises from 1.5 million barrels to only 2.8 million. (Among rich nations, by contrast, revenues and fuel substitution will cause oil consumption to rise only slightly.) As Tove points out, even a gas bubble or oil puddle too petty for the multinationals to bother with could make a small, poor nation self-sufficient. But usually such countries cannot afford to finance their own exploration after meeting their oil import bills and debt repayments. Almost any underdeveloped country is eligible for PC aid, about a dozen have already geared up for consideration (including Senegal, encouraged by Trudeau during a visit to Dakar a year ago). But, with only about 100 million dollars a year at Tove's board must choose carefully—setting up just one oil well rig can cost \$90 million. On the other hand, it is countries that have proved indispensable to other oil companies (politically or geographically) that might get the best return from PC. "We have to lean toward the riskier projects," says Tove. "In the course of our work we're going to be involved in what could be considered as failures." But even a disappointing dry hole can be instructive to a nation trying to design its economic future.

—JOHN HAY

## WORLD

# Clues that cheat the censor



Hundreds of Poles line up for rationed food supplies in a square in Krakow unaware of the Pope's complete message.

By Sue Minterman

**P**ope John Paul II last week became the latest victim of the Polish censor. His New Year's speech, with its emphasis on the avoidance of nuclear war and the right of Polish workers to their Solidarity union, was handed apart before transmission on television. All reference to the movement was omitted.

That official demonstration of the state of opinion came only hours after the man who is still generally held to be the latest victim of the Polish censor, President Henryk Jablonski, had promised his countrymen there would be no going back on the reforms of August, 1980, that there would be a certain future place for the independent union he did not service Solidarity by name — and for the Roman Catholic Church.

However, the Pope's experience seems a case due to the difference between what the Polish regime says is its policy and what that policy is in practice. One week after the December 18 military takeover, having been told that official church documents would not be censored, a correspondent tried to transmit a straight translation of an appeal from the Polish episcopate on behalf of detainees. The bishops also called for the resumption of normal trade union activities. The entire text was censored.

Last week, the third of military rule, was marked instead by a renewed process of extermination, with the Justice Commission Party joining in Presi-

Ronald Reagan carried the message over to the Soviet Union, restricting Soviet access to American ports, halting Aeroflot flights to the United States and refusing to discuss a new grain deal. More controversially, he also banned sales of U.S. equipment for the gas pipelines planned to link the Siberian fields with customers in Western Europe, principally in West Germany. That action seemed like a triple hit for tact against the Soviets, against the pipeline plan itself, of which the U.S. vigorously disapproved on the grounds that it will make a European state more dependent on the Soviet Union, and against Germany's Chancellor Hel-

mut Schmidt, a disaster from Washington's herd line on the Polish crackdown. Reagan's action and Schmidt's attitude seemed certain targets for their White House get-together this week.

Within Poland, the official censors continued to obscure the true whereabouts, status and activities of Lech Walesa. He was variously reported to have ended his hunger strike and to have agreed to talk to the authorities, and to be in good health but refusing to co-operate. There was greater certainty about the nation's post-holiday refusal to get back to normal working — in the shops, on factories and steelworks — privatisation was the name of the game. And there was evidence that Solidarity was still strongly influencing events. Zbigniew Bogdan — leader of the union's Warsaw branch, who was thought to have been arrested — appeared to the army and police from an underground hideout to obey their commands first and orders second. The army, at least, was heading. One officer was reliably reported to have been executed for refusing orders, and several generals were among the internees.

The main source of reliable information remained the church, now locked in secret contact with the military and their mass police. Poles over 30 enjoy relative freedom of movement, so plenty of veterans of wartime resistance and of Stalinist repression are the welcome in the provinces. They must be the right to visit the 40 camps in which the actual tally of 3,000 inter-

Street vendors in Krakow earlier this year.



news reside. But they report that there are more camps, and many more detainees, beyond their reach.

The church has advised an imprisonment of candidates for at least some inquiries. But no one is taken in by official assurances that the defendants are allowed family visits and food parcels once a month. Here are families to most detainees when they have not yet been officially informed of their detention, do not know where they are and are prevented from traveling by a host of official restrictions.

Such facts put in their true perspective attempts by such as Vice Premier Naogang Rakowski and Capt. William Gernick, Prime Minister Wasech Zia-Rakowski's personal press secretary, to reply the whitewash Rakowski created a year last week when he turned up in Bonn, the first member of Zia-Rakowski's government to appear in the West since the meltdown. His mission was to soften NATO countermeasures. But when he appeared before the press, he was reduced to rehashing the official martial law situation. Gernick, for his part, chickened out at his regular Warsaw press conference after a tongue-lashing from correspondents angered by the discrepancies between official statements and what they were learning from unofficial, but reliable, sources.

Meanwhile, evidence mounts of Kremlin manipulation of the crisis. The Soviet Union last week started jamming the BBC's Polish language service. The Soviet news agency Tass immediately announced the introduction of forced labor before the Polish news agency PAP had got around to doing so. And two men born of a Swiss and carrying blank citizenship of why matters at the Wagon mine in Siberia went berserk when they smashed the hands and feet of militia sent to break up their strike (Mladinska Zvezda 4). An eyewitness well known to those who continue to vote with their feet. So far 78 crew members from Polish ships have sought asylum in Vancouver alone since martial law was declared. Another 30,000, 10,000 of 35 defections from a relief party of 64 soldiers flown out from Poland last week for four fishing boats in Vancouver harbor. At least half of the 366 men who make up their crews are Solidarity members, and many are only going home because of the free flow, he said. Added Jack Shermanskiowski, 32, another defector: "Things were pretty bad there."

With Michael Posner in Washington and Malcolm Gray in Vancouver

## JAPAN

### Caught between push and shove

**A**n unscripted Miki and Jeffery by President Ronald Reagan and Soviet Foreign Minister Gorbachev last week brought the curtain down on a long-running Japanese political debate the size of next year's defense budget. In a move that was surprising in view of traditional opposition to rearmament, Prime Minister Nakasone's cabinet decided to increase defense spending by 7.8 per cent in 1992, overriding, in the process, finance ministry attempts to limit the figure to only 5 per cent.

The recommendation falls somewhat short of the nine per cent Washington had been seeking to increase, but it is still a close enough to the three-per-cent increase in real terms that the Americans have been urging—no and other allies—with seven success—no to agree to. The cabinet's recommendation still has to be approved by parliament, but the sign is that public opinion has changed sufficiently in recent months to make that process less painful than it might have been for Nakasone and his colleagues.

The budget recommendation represents a triumph of Reagan administration persistence in the face of strong pacifist sentiment in Japan, a diplomatic bludge by the Nakasone government and a series of other setbacks. Taken together, they seemed set to sour Japanese-American relations sufficiently to make it politically impossible for Nakasone to carry out a provision in Washington last spring, that Japan would take

greater responsibility for its own defense now that it had the world's second largest economy.

Nakasone's personal reluctance to run the political risks might in that pledge was evident in the cabinet struggle that broke out immediately on his return to Tokyo. Without such, he faced an Foreign Minister, Masuoka, for the grounds that the joint summit meeting in Washington had failed to note that Nakasone had told Reagan that public sentiment in Japan would not permit the adoption of a big rearmament program. There was as even bigger blow over the inclusion of the word "alliance" in a reference by the commander to Japanese-American ties. Pacifists and opposition politicians claimed that meant Japan, which adopted a no-war constitution after its 1945 defeat, was on the road to rearmament.

Japanese sentiment was further heightened by a disclosure by former U.S. ambassador to Tokyo Edwin O. Reischauer that U.S. warships called at Japanese ports sometimes carried nuclear weapons. This was held to be a violation of post-World War II Japanese principles. Thus came the accidental sinking by an American submarine of a Japanese freighter. At first, the U.S. Navy refused to acknowledge that the incident had happened, and it took an official apology and a promise of compensation to soothe Japanese wrath. All the time, however, Reagan and

Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger were leaning heavily on Nakasone. American ministers and senior officials visited Tokyo almost weekly during the fall to drive the point home. They were aided in their task by a higher Soviet military profile in eastern Siberia and in the sea and air lanes around Japan. Japanese military sources reported that Soviet Redline superjet bombers had arrived in the Vladivostok area, just across the Sea of Japan, and to 30 intermediate ballistic missiles were being deployed in the area. At the same time the Soviet Pacific fleet, headquartered in Vladivostok, is rapidly expanding and becoming much more active in the Pacific, the China Sea and the Indian Ocean. On the day the cabinet adopted its plan to increase defense spending, a Japanese navy plane spotted a flotilla of five Soviet ships, including a missile cruiser and a missile destroyer, enroute southwest of Japan.

Another factor in the cabinet decision was the superpower, little reported until now, of a new kind of Soviet ballistic missile submarine, the Delta III, in the Pacific. The new Soviet interest in the Indian Ocean, following its invasion of Afghanistan, worries the Japanese because they import 75 per cent of their oil from the Persian Gulf. "The Soviet navy and air force has the ability to cut off our oil supplies, and that our economy," noted a Japanese official recently.

Japan will now spend 0.8 per cent of its gross national product on defense. This is well down on the United States' and other Western nations' spending but it is closer than ever before to the one-per-cent ceiling successive Japa-

nese governments have placed on defense spending. The money will be used to buy extra anti-aircraft patrol planes, more of the F-15 jets that at almost daily new Soviet Soviet warplanes out of Japanese airspace, tanks, attack helicopters and destroyers.

Under the terms of the postwar constitution, adopted under heavy pressure from the occupying Americans, Japan is not supposed to have any war potential. But, in fact, it has about 500,000 men under arms. The Japanese army, virtually unknown as the Ground Force, has 150,000 troops. The 45,000-strong air force has 350 combat aircraft, while the navy's 64,000 men operate about 20 dreadnought-class ships and 17 submarines.

Western military attachés in Japan report that training and morale are first class, in keeping with the tradition of those who almost conquered Asia 48 years ago. Thanks to continued American and Soviet pressure, Japan's new recruits will shortly start to carry their lavishly equipped. —MYRON PRIZET



Williams (right) none looked cooler

## ATLANTA

### The ordeal moves to a courtroom

**S**napshots and posed shot of the slain Police Constable Stephen Williams (16 Atlanta last week, then, made a case, the police officers, perching solemnly at the crowd below. Inside, almost two dozen police officers patrolled the halls and stairwells around the courtroom as visitors marched through metal detectors and specially trained dogs sniffed for possible explosives. Although security precautions matched those normally afforded a visiting president, the object of this exhaustive search-and-seizure mission was somewhat more infamous. Wayne B. Williams, the man accused in two of the 26 slayings of young Atlanta blacks, was having his first day in court.

After almost two years—the 26 murders occurred from 1979 to 1981—in the two-week grip of police and lawyers, Atlantans are breathing somewhat easier these days. But name looked cooler last week than the paddy Williams, a 26-year-old freelance news columnist and on-air host, as often as music promoter. Drawn to a spot-watched trial in Georgia, Williams, he stopped at the marbled courtroom, nodding to his parents and imperiously took his seat amid a trunk of plastic clothes. He then watched silently as the laborious process of selecting a jury took place. An initial list of almost 300 names has been drawn up, and it is thought that

the selection of 12 jurors and two to four alternates could take two weeks.

Because of the unprecedented media coverage of the case, Williams' defense will want to make sure jurors are as unprejudiced as possible, although both of Williams' attorneys have expressed doubts about the possibility of getting a fair trial in Atlanta—or anywhere else in the U.S. The prosecution, for its part, will also exercise caution in its selection, fearing that the highly publicized federal testimony from expert witnesses could either help or hurt a jury of Williams' peers.

Despite an order by Judge Crawford Cooper barring exhibition of details of the case, the prosecution's evidence against Williams is thought to be particularly troubling, resting, as it does, on the scientific validity of dog hair and threads found both on the bodies of the victims and under the carpet and bedspread of Williams' room in his parents' Atlanta home.

Because of the nationwide frenzy generated by the slayings, police officers in their investigation admitted having a "psychological bias" against charging anyone unless the evidence was overwhelming. For days before Williams' eventual arrest, Leroy Stanton, the Atlanta district attorney who will presently prosecute the case, stood vehemently against an arrangement with Georgia police that had been selected. But political uncertainty from as far afield as the White House won out.

After the first day of jury selection, the task looked as formidable as possible. Nineteen potential jurors were dismissed because of prejudicial opin-



Japanese destroyer and a support ship (center), a bludge for U.S. persistence



Suzuki, Reagan, one eye on the Soviets

ans or because they appeared unable to withstand the rigors of acquiescence for the two months the trial is expected to last at the mounting odds of losing the 1984 protection witnesses.

Meanwhile, as the public performance of justice slowly grinds on in the Palace courtroom, slowly too are the household diamonds, the outdoor basketball courts and the playing fields of Atlanta filling once again with the sounds of children's voices. Although a curfew for children under 16 is still in force and segregationist trends in protective police for fear of "the snatcher," the community is wearing its culturally Red Jim Douglas, executive director of Atlanta's Community Relations Commission. "The thing apparent in everyone's mind is that since Williams' arrest, the killings have stopped." —JANA O'HARA

## ITALY

### General Dozier vs. the 'proletariat'

The discovery reformed to a far more, if changing, pattern. Tipped off by an anonymous phone call, the two Italian journalists made their way last week to a trash can in a darkened Milan piazza. There they found a package, apparently fipswitched by the Red Brigades kidnappers of U.S. Brig. Gen. James Dozier, deputy chief of staff for logistics and administration at NATO's southern European base at Vic-

enza. The parcel contained a photograph of Dozier holding a dog-eared left poster and standing, with only his head showing, beneath a Red Brigades banner. "This pig, this assassin," declared an accompanying communique, was being given a "revolutionary trial"—a phrase, observers pointed out, in which the Red Brigades play judge, jury and, usually, executioner.

The communique added a new sense of urgency to the massive manhunt that began on Dec. 17 when four guerrillas abducted Dozier from his apartment in Verona apartment. Facing as placards, they bound and gagged Dozier's wife, Judith, before knocking the general unconscious, throwing him in a truck and taking him away in a blue van.

In the intervening days, thousands of Italian police, aided by two agents and West German counterterrorist experts, combed a vast portion of northern Italy for the "people's prisoner" whose Dozier was said to be held. But by last week, despite the arrest of three suspected Red Brigades leaders, no progress had been made.

A major question hanging over the investigation was whether the general was still alive or whether his captors had killed him, perhaps accidentally, and were carrying through with a machine charade to extract the maximum propaganda value. Speculation in the latter regard was fueled by the belief of some police experts that the likeness of Dozier was a composite of several rather photos and by the fact that the

communique contained no conditions for the general's release.

The only certainty now that Dozier's kidnapping marked a dangerous new thrust in the Red Brigades' activities. Although they have carried out many kidnappings—far over the past year alone—the latest snatches marked the first time they had turned their sights on a foreigner—and a military man at that. It was also the first time an American officer had ever been kidnapped in Western Europe, though several have come under attack in recent years. In January, 1979, two Supreme Allied Commander Alexander Haig narrowly missed death when a bomb blew up near his car as he drove to his Brussels headquarters. Last Sept. 15, in West Germany, Red Brigades Marxist gang members successfully ambushed the car of Gen. Frederick Kroesen, U.S. commander in Europe.

Following Dozier's kidnapping, the U.S. increased protection of its top military personnel in Europe on the assumption that it was the first step in a Red Brigades campaign to exploit the anti-American sentiment of the burgeoning Italian peace movement. If so, however, the alarm seemed to have sounded too late for Dozier—there was little cause to hope, at week's end, that he would be found alive. Theories about the Red Brigades' motives, however, seemed equally questionable. As one Socialist politician put it, "How do you convince people you are for peace by threatening some body's life?"

—MICHAEL FORSTER

## WASHINGTON

### Stains that may prove indelible

When Raymond J. Donovan was named secretary of labor in the Reagan cabinet last January, the reaction of official Washington was a deluge of "Why not?" Since then, the 49-year-old former construction executive has been frequently in the headlines. Donovan's Senate confirmation hearings were largely taken up with 18 allegations of impropriety, many of them with various Mafia capes and caplets to attach evidence to his labor peace. None of the charges could be verified. But last week, as the justice department named a special prosecutor—New York attorney Leon Silverman—to

investigate, adding Donovan's "dubious and contemptible" law. But the Donovan probe, it was learned last week, merely is the tip of a rather enormous iceberg. Majority's review of Senate was determined to Justice officials in 1978. Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee Chairman Orrin Hatch, while publicly giving Donovan the benefit of doubt, is privately alleged that the FBI either failed to pass along the evidence or, worse, deliberately withheld it.

Meanwhile, the FBI is still looking into Donovan's association with other Mafia bosses, including Ralph Persico, the late Salvatore (Bully) Ruggie, Ruggie and William Maresca, alleged member of the Genovese family. Maresca, New York executive firm held subcontracts from Schlusser worth \$12 million. Silverman's list of witness on Maresca are said to contain conversations potentially incriminate to Donovan's future in the Mafia circles.

The view in Congress is that a scandal of major proportion is brewing. Hatch's labor committee is particularly concerned that Donovan's department has effectively deferred action on some 130 pending cases of union corruption, some court after action with Council on Affiliates. At the heart of most of these centers his evidence of organized crime's pervasive control of the labor movement. Some observers believe Donovan—a status outsider with no formal government experience—was appointed essentially to help the department investigate cases of labor corruption.

To date, the White House has cautiously defended its secretary of labor. The president himself noted at his last news conference that the appointment of a special prosecutor does not imply guilt and that Donovan need not step aside while the probe was conducted. Reagan was less charitably disposed toward his national security adviser, Richard Allen. Even the justice department decided not to appoint a special prosecutor in his case, the president remarked. Allen's return to the White House could not be guaranteed.

At the year's end, both men showed personally on the brink of political disaster. Allen, finally deemed to have been deliberately crafted financial disclosure forms and accepted personal gifts while in office, was still on administrative leave, awaiting a White House seal of purification. Raymond J. Donovan was unavailably for comment, perhaps contemplating the peaceful obscurity in which he might soon be returning.

—MICHAEL FORSTER



Donovan on the brink of political crisis

probe fresh charges against Donovan, the speculation in Washington was that "Ray might" might shortly become "Ray

The new charges were laid by Marc Weintraub, a former secretary-treasurer of Builders, Drillers and Miners Union Local 28. He said Donovan was present at a 1977 lunch at which another executive of his New Jersey firm, Schlusser Construction Co., gave him \$25,000. Donovan was \$25,000 in cash. Two former Schlusser bookkeepers also claim the firm regularly and knowingly paid Local 28 for no-show employees. Evidence presented at Dozier's 1981 tax evasion trial said the union was effectively controlled by Samuel Cavalieri, a member of the Luchese crime family. Donovan has vigorously denied the



Hong Kong beat people: happy colonists

## HONG KONG

### A transition of imperial power

Britain's days of imperial splendor are a fast-fading memory. But there is still one position that retains the power and prestige of imperial grandeur—the governorship of Hong Kong. The present governor, Sir Murray MacLehose, announced one month ago that he would hang up his gloves and ceremonial sword in April. Few were there has been speculation on who would inherit the problems of feeding and educating the colony's teeming millions, along with the five-figure salary of \$25,000, the official residence (recently renovated at a cost of \$1.96 million) and the governor's statey salary.

Last week, however, all that ended. The British government's choice had fallen on a man long considered the front-runner: career diplomat and former ambassador to Peking Sir Edward Young, 67. The news was greeted locally with something less than breathless excitement. In the best imperial tradition the 55 million inhabitants, nearly all Chinese, had not been consulted. But two of Yeoh's characteristics had already been noted with concern: a taste for the brown or gambling, he will be presiding over a colony whose population consumes more heavily per capita than any other in the world and spends much of its leisure at the racetrack.

However, it was almost certain Yeoh's experience as an old China



Italian police check cars at a roadblock; the photo of Dozier, a machine charade to extract the maximum propaganda value?





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Fooka: a dealmaker down on gambling

hand who speaks fluent Mandarin got him the job. Maintaining Hong Kong's good relationship with Peking is the key responsibility of any governor. Yau acknowledged that he would have a hard act to follow in MacLehose, whose 10 years in office made him one of the most respected governors in the colony's history. While maintaining Hong Kong as a bastion of the free-market economy MacLehose, a 6'10" Scot, 61-year-old Scottish giant, also initiated much-needed social reforms.

Hong Kong's government has embarked on one of the world's largest public housing programs in the hope, eventually, of providing cheap homes for the 1.5 million homeless people, half of whom live in shantytowns. MacLehose also improved the education system and provided badly needed medical and welfare facilities. It is on these foundations that Yau will have to build while maintaining Hong Kong's status as the world's 12th-largest importer and a major financial centre. There are also hopes he will broaden the base of the legislative council—the nominated parliament—which is co-chaired by businessmen.

But his chief function will be to do what lies in his power to safeguard the colony's current status as a free. Much of the territory's land is due to revert to Chinese ownership in 1997. If vital business confidence and long-term investments are to be maintained, it is widely accepted that the mass of reform of the laws must be resolved in the next five years. There is little doubt that would be the most popular solution is Hong Kong. A recent public opinion poll revealed that the vast majority favoured continued administration by Britain. If Peking took over, 55 per cent would want to leave. Preserving this situation from occurring is the critical problem the colony's 26th governor is likely to face.

—BRIAN JOYCE

## BUSINESS

# The Hunter and the hunted agency

By Ian Austin

**P**eter Hunter is a man who doesn't give up easily. Three years ago, Hunter—chairman of Toronto-based McConnell Advertising—was thwarted at the last moment in his takeover bid for Canada's only publicly traded ad agency, Cockfield Brown Inc. Now he's back again and Cockfield's attempts to stay out of his arena have pitted face of the country's leading agencies and a large health-care firm in a legal and securities battle which, in the end, may produce no victors save the gambling lawyers.

Going public seemed like a good idea for Cockfield in 1990. It was a time when all large agencies were dreaming of expanding into multi-media empires. A stock offering looked like a good way to finance growth. But unlike the major U.S. firms who went similar routes, Cockfield's senior executives let control of the company slip out of their hands. Says Hunter: "They've been looking over their shoulders ever since."

His thrust bid reflected in 1991. Hunter took a different course this time. Last week it became apparent that the combination may face months of trench warfare. It began in late July when Hunter began buying shares at about \$4 each, quietly, with no real plan in mind. Unknown to Hunter, Calgary attorney John Francis, president of Francis Wyllie and Associates, Alberta's largest ad agency, also had been picking up Cockfield shares in an attempt both to get larger and to gain a foothold in Eastern Canada. Francis reportedly Hunter [who mistook him for a while as an upstart who bears the same name] and, not knowing Hunter was buying, Cockfield too, possessed a meeting. During the Thanksgiving weekend the two met in Hunter's Toronto office, discussed their mutual interests, pocketed their shares (giving them 38 per cent of Cockfield) and agreed to make their move together.

At Cockfield, senior management met for a while night. Apparently fearing



Gallop (top) Hunter (bottom left) Chairman, Cockfield's senior management ran for a while knight

that Hunter's plans for the agency did not include jobs for them, they pushed a most unlikely savior—health care giant Entenbreche Ltd. Two days after Hunter-Francis proposed a merger of McDonald, Wyllie and Cockfield, Cockfield President Rick Gallop announced that Entenbreche had purchased a block of 100,000 shares from Cockfield's management and had been given an option to a further 100,000 specially created treasury shares, if picked up. Entenbreche would hold 50 per cent. Hunter-Francis, whose position in Cockfield would drop to 38 per cent with the option, termed the new treasury issue

"innocent" and is having it so far successfully.

The fight may, in fact, be over shadows. If Hunter succeeds this time, he may have paid \$5 million for an empty shell. The only assets Cockfield has are its employees and clients. Says Mark Baskin, senior officer of the union journal Advertising: "Their inventory goes down the elevator every night." Many of Cockfield's key people say that if Hunter wins, they—and perhaps many of their clients—will leave.

Entenbreche's president, Harold Livingston—who also controls 40 per cent of the Jerry Goods Agency—says he plans to use Cockfield to build up a large communications conglomerate. But ad agencies with their thin and erratic profit margins may not fit readily into a corporate machine. Cockfield, for example, despite its good reputation and blue-chip clients such as Molson, Imperial Oil and Royal, showed only a \$304,000 profit on \$76 million worth of billings in 1990.

Hunter has taken a new tack to precipitate a resolution. He has requested the Cockfield board call a special shareholders' meeting. Under law, the board has three months to set a date. Then, he hopes to win the owners of about 100,000 shares not allied to either group.

For his part, Livingston (whose Entenbreche has lost \$5 million for all the shares) argues that his management skill could lead to a smoother-running operation. "We can be successful so long as we remember that the actual delivery of the service is left in the hands of the professionals who know the business best."

For its ad community, accustomed to fighting for a share of the consumer's mind, this fight is weeks away from conclusion. Says Hunter: "The two contestants are virtually neck and neck. It's about a toss of a coin."

While the results of the bid, which expired last Oct. 6, are not known, it is widely believed that many ad agencies will follow leading near \$1.15.

## Another arrow for the bow

Although he won't admit it outright, if Calgary's *effort* Daryl Dox (left) has been had his way, there likely wouldn't be a National Energy Program (NEP) or a Petro-Canada. The first entrepreneur and a confidant of Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed profits, to put it mildly, that governments stay away from his business. Yet there too federal government decisions may propel his Bow Valley Industries Ltd. (BVI)—founded and controlled by Dox and his brothers, Byron and Don—from the top of Canada's junior oil companies into the ranks of the majors.

The transition began in November as the normally publicity shy BVI participated in an unusual bid. At the foot of Halifax's harbor, Patricia Hopper, the wife of Petro-Canada Chairman Bill Hopper, started up a mechanical champagne bottle stunner to rechristen Bow Valley's latest acquisition—a \$200-million, second-hand, offshore drilling rig. Renamed the Bow Drill 1, the 95-m-high orange rig will spend the next four years in the frigid waters off the East Coast under lease to Petro-Canada where last week it had drilled to a depth of 1,500 m. Next year, Bow Drill 1 will be joined by two other BVI rigs currently under construction in St. John's, Nfld., and Norway.

And all this was made possible, ironically, by the NEP. Unlike the major firms operating in Canada, BVI (which is approximately 75 per cent Canadian owned) will be able to take full advantage of 100% exploration incentives. Says Bow Valley Vice-President Keith Laidlaw: "I think what Dox's trying to do right now is what Dox was trying to do in the Beaufort [Sea] six years ago."

While the company has been successful in the North Sea and the Middle East, the Canadian East can't help but bring a richer reward than the recent ill-fated Vietnam play. The majors are shattered, an attempt to deal with another philosophical opponent is coming to a quiet end. Early in December BVI's last employee in Vietnam slipped away from his office in the former French resort town of Vung Tau (Dox St. Jacques), closing the door on eight years of sensitive negotiations and drilling, as well as on \$12 million in exploration costs. After two wells turned up dry in the South China Sea, Bow Valley geologists—who did their initial surveys during the final days of the savage Vietnam war—decided they should be drilling further northeast at the infamous Mekong Delta. But as with Dallas and Garman from before, BVI—acting as the leading partner for these



Bow Drill 1 and (shown) the Seaman brothers, Byron (left), Don, Dox and Byron, from the top of Canada's junior oil companies to the ranks of the majors



other Canadian firms—found the Vietnamese bureaucracy too formidable. Says a disappointed Lloyd Flood, general manager of Bow Valley's Southeast Asian operations: "If we'd hit it, we'd have hit a mother lode."

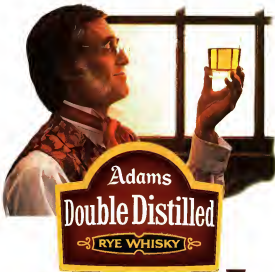
The Seaman brothers have gone some distance from their hazy days in Red Lake, Sask. Fresh from engineering school in 1950, they set up a seismic drilling company in Calgary which moved into oil and gas exploration and contract drilling in the mid-'50s. Today the company controls everything from coal mines and a uranium deposit to heavy-duty truck manufacturing and environmental control projects. While the well say that the three operate as a team, traders say there's no question that he's the boss. Charles Seaman, chairman of the giant U.S. conglomerate Gulf & Western Industries Inc., describes him as "the

strongest man I've ever done business with." An intensely private man, Dox's only public indulgence is his chunk of the Calgary Flames of the National Hockey League. All of the team's profits, at his suggestion, go to amateur hockey. (A former junior A hockey player and to some baseball team member, Seaman used to carry his change of clothes in a black suitcase resembling a doctor's kitbag hence the nickname Dox.)

In the short term the 100% has opened some skepticism for Dox and his brothers. Exploration outcrops have left some of their land-based drilling rigs idle, and new taxes are showing up on the company's balance sheet. All may be forgiven, however, with the first good news from the East.

—IAN ADAMS

With files from Gordon Leggo



In 1802, Thomas Adams was a true craftsman. Today, his inspiration is reflected in the remarkable smoothness of Adams Double Distilled Rye Whisky.



Not even the hardest lubras grow on the wind-swept summit of Mauna Kea. But the astronomers who leave the Hawaiian peaks' crowded atmosphere have other vistas on their minds. Drawn by the Canada-France-Hawaii telescope, they come to probe the cosmos. Among them is the University of Toronto's Barry Madore, who deep into the night photographs the swirling galaxies millions of light-years away. Madore is one of a growing throng of amateur astronomers accumulating data on the cosmos. And their findings are rapidly revolutionizing man's traditional view of the universe. Says Carl Sagan, a Pulitzer Prize-winning astronomer: "We will for the first time rigorously determine the nature and fate of the universe."

That may be an understatement. Accelerating efforts to penetrate the secrets of the cosmos have brought scientists to the brink of the greatest enigma that mortals can contemplate—the very destiny of the universe itself. Within the next few decades, Susan claims researchers may well find answers to a whole series of profound and shattering issues. Among them: will the galaxies keep flying apart forever until the cosmic melt in other blackouts and everything cools as the last star flickers out? Or will the expansion ultimately reverse with a cataclysmic, atom-crunching collapse? No longer is the conventional belief that the universe will expand indefinitely considered fully acceptable. Says astronomer George Mitchell of St. Mary's University in Halifax: "The powerful arguments for an open universe heard during the mid-'70s just do not seem as strong anymore. We may be at a critical turning point."

What is rapidly becoming clear is just how close scientists are now to that turning point. In the past year alone, robot probes have ascended the mountains of Venus and scouted the icy rings of Saturn. Among the major landmarks in our solar system, only remote Uranus, Neptune and Pluto elude close-up scrutiny. After more than a decade of hardscore discovery, budgetary pragmatism has virtually ended the era of interplanetary missions. And scientists—encouraged—are turning their attention to the new and awesome frontier: the universe at large.

In the past two years an army of researchers has focused its efforts on that most fundamental of questions: While astronomers ponder measurements of distant galaxies, nuclear physicists analyze the behavior of the smallest atomic entities that whirl through particle accelerators. Chemists measure the abundance of chemical elements in meteorites. High-energy physicists decode the message of cosmic X-rays and gamma rays trapped by earth-orbiting observatories. And relatively theorists toil over equations that could elegantly describe the universe's history.

For more than a decade, few scientists seriously challenged the notion of an ever-expanding, or open, cosmos. The tale of evidence heavily favored that notion. Galaxies are still being propelled away from each other by the force of the colossal explosion that triggered the universe's birth about 10 billion years ago. In the time it takes to read this sentence, for example, the universe will expand by 100 trillion cubic light-years. But lately, new findings have rocked the case for continued expansion. Says Sagan: "It would seem that the pendulum is swinging toward a closed universe."

For their imaginative faith, that prospect rivals—and perhaps eclipses—the revelation that the world is round. Resolving the current debate will demand no less than the weighing of the entire cosmos, which poets have called "infinite" and philosophers have labeled "the language of God." If the total amount of matter in the universe exceeds a certain critical mass—and no one has yet determined what that is precisely—then all that exists will ultimately pack

# THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE

By Terence Dickinson



stuff back into its primordial egg. In the same way that a rocket would plunge back to Earth if it lacked the thrust to reach escape velocity, the galaxies would be pulled back to their origin if the universe were heavy enough to force a complete slowing down. For years the open-universe camp has maintained that the mass of all the known or suspected galaxies totals less than three per cent of that still-elusive critical mass.

**B**ut in the past two years—and particularly in the past few months—researchers have accumulated evidence that the universe contains far more than meets the astronomer's eye. And the quest to reveal the universe's fate now focuses on the so-called "missing mass"—whatever form it may take. Scientists are seeking it in subatomic particles in galaxies billions of light-years away, beyond the galaxies in the mysterious quasar, and even in the apparent emptiness of the space of space itself.

Estimates of the masses of galaxies have jumped tenfold in the past, with staggering implications. "Less than 10 years ago we were confident that the mass of our own galaxy, the Milky Way, was less than 500 billion times the mass of the sun," recalls galaxy expert Bart J. Bok of the University of Arizona. "Now the best-accepted estimates are more than 10 times greater—over two trillion solar masses." Since most stars are less massive than the sun, this means there should be as many as five to 10 trillion stars in the Milky Way

galaxy alone—as a quarter of a trillion stars for each rose, venus and child in Canada. For every one of the billions of known galaxies, the same scenario applies.

What spurred these new estimates were studies of the motions of stars in nearby galaxies. Explains Halifax astronomer Mitchell: "Just as the planets closer to the sun orbit more quickly than those farther away, we would expect that stars nearer the centre of galaxies would orbit faster than those in the spiral arms" But that is not the case. The speeds are virtually identical. Mitchell's conclusion: "There must be unseen material there that is adding significantly to the mass of galaxies." Mitchell and other researchers pondering the problem are convinced that the extra mass is contributed by faint, low-mass stars that swathe the visible parts of galaxies in a vast, unseen halo.

The argument for invisible material impinges more than one observer—and there is more than one theory as to what it might be. At the University of Toronto's Scarborough College, astronomer Philip Kronberg, for one, is combing the void between the galaxies to determine whether the missing mass might be thinly dispersed gas. He is analyzing data from intercometary satellites which measure radiation that is completely blocked by the Earth's atmosphere long before reaching ground level. Though these orbiting death rays have yet to confirm his hypothesis, Kronberg maintains his experiments indicate that researchers "cannot rule out the possibility that there is gas equivalent in mass to the matter in galaxies." If the galaxies have 10 times the mass once

assigned to them, and if Kronberg eventually detects the gas he seeks, the total mass would be nearly sufficient to reverse the cosmic expansion—and close the universe.

Still another conclusion arises from the galaxies, and it too could affect the fate of the universe. About 60 million light-years away, toward the constellation Virgo, more than 2,000 star cities swarm in a vast cluster. Such clusters are so common that astronomers suspect almost every galaxy is part of one, including our own Milky Way. The very presence of the clusters, however, is vexing scientists. Says Wallace Tucker of the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics in Cambridge, Mass.: "Galaxy clusters should have dispersed long ago. The mutual gravitation of all the galaxies in a cluster isn't enough to hold it together. There has to be something else there that we can't see." Tucker's most intriguing view: the motions of individual stars within galaxies also hint that "something else" exists. As Mitchell points out, the mass of a cluster affects a galaxy's speed within it.

But Mitchell wonders why more clusters contain about 50 times more mass than the visible galaxies would suggest. Once again, the evidence points to missing mass. Determining what it might be has plagued theorists for years. But the shadow of a solution may finally have emerged. According to University of Chicago astrophysicist David Neirinos, neutrinos could be producing the massive but invisible web that keeps galaxy clusters gravitationally bound. Neutrinos are virtually indifferent to ordinary matter, and they have long been considered massless. Yet recent U.S. and Soviet experi-

ments have probed direct, if controversial, evidence that neutrinos have tiny but perceptible masses. Because these minuscule particles outnumber their subatomic cousins by about 10 billion to one, a mere whisper of mass assigned to each would instantly account for most of the mass in the universe. Neirinos, says Schramm, are the most promising candidates for the urgently sought missing mass.

**T**he cosmic riddles confronting today's scientists were undreamed of just decades ago. Unraveling the true extent of the cosmos has been almost entirely a 20th-century enterprise (page 26). For thousands of years, the prevailing view placed the Earth at the centre of a finite universe. The night sky seemed a crystalline dome, and the stars merely phantoms lighted on its surface. Copernicus who challenged this view was quickly silenced. In 1600, the Italian philosopher Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake when he dared to suggest that our sun is only one of an infinite number of stars strewn throughout space and the Earth only one world among many. Even a scant three generations ago, questions about the grand design of all that exists were so much the province of philosophy as of science. The galaxies that preoccupy contemporary researchers were barely understood when telescopes first detected them. Were these pulsing objects distant congregations of stars, observers wondered, or nearby jets of gas? Even the size of our own system, the Milky Way galaxy, was only crudely known at the turn of the century.



The Mount Kilauea telescope. Modern work forces the speculative paradigm to swing toward a theory of a closed universe

with estimates of its size varying by a factor of 100.

The path to the present debate has been circuitous indeed. To comprehend the universe, scientists had first to place Earth within it. Harvard astronomer Harlow Shapley met that challenge just after the First World War. He found that the largest star clusters associated with our galaxy are distributed in a roughly spherical pattern, the center of which is thousands of light-years from the sun. Shapley boldly—and correctly—predicted that this focus represents the Milky Way's center. By 1924, his picture of the galaxy was few detractors.

Meanwhile, American astronomer Edwin Hubble was approaching a revelation, the first proof of the universe's expanse. Armed with the new 2.5-m telescope at Mt. Wilson, Calif., Hubble proved conclusively that the galaxies are collections of stars like the Milky Way and that all but the very nearest galaxies are hurtling away from the Earth—some as rapidly as several thousand kilometers a second. Hubble saw one possible conclusion: the universe is growing ever more vast. Like dots on an inflating transparent plastic balloon, each galaxy sees all its neighbors moving away. The farther apart the galaxies, the faster their separation.

**T**hat spectral discovery raised questions about the vast distances involved. Astronomers soon learned to gauge the speed of a galaxy's journey into space through measuring a shift in the spectrum of light it leaves behind. That shift resembles the change in pitch of a passing train's horn—higher during approach than in recession. As a galaxy plunges away from the Earth, the light it emits shifts noticeably toward the red end of its spectrum—the greater the "red shift," the faster its speed (see diagram). But it turned out that measurements of departing galaxies' speed were far more precise than estimates of their distance from the Earth, which still confounded scientists. They based their crude reckonings on comparing bright stars in other galaxies with similar stars we saw—and 1949, when Walter Baade took the controls of the powerful new five-meter telescope at Mt. Palomar, Calif., Baade's refined classification of the types of stars in galaxies led to the second major discovery that the galaxies themselves are actually two or three times farther away than previously believed. That placed the Milky Way's nearest counterpart, the Andromeda galaxy, about two million light-years away.

With the universe's expanse confirmed and the galaxy distance scale established, astronomers then considered how the cosmos began. The expansion, they reasoned, was triggered by a momentous explosion (grossly dubbed the Big Bang), whose 100-billion-degree fury hurled matter in all directions with such force that it still rams apart today. In 1948, two Johns Hopkins University physicists, Ralph Alpher and Robert Herman, showed mathematically that some evidence of the Big Bang should still be detectable. They calculated that it might reveal itself visibly red-shifted because the galaxy is receding from the site of its birth at near-light speed. Seventeen years later Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson of Bell Laboratories in Holmdel, N.J., were using a new microwave telescope when they noticed the previous signal. Alpher and Herman had predicted. The pair eventually collected a Nobel Prize for their chance confirmation that the Big Bang happened. They had heard it echo 15 billion years later.

In the years spanning Shapley's visionary prediction and the Bell researchers' discovery, scientists solved one mystery after another. But toward the end of that period, in the early '60s, they came upon a new enigma that now plays a key role in the universe-debate drama. To the cosmic race they added quozars. They offer powerful clues to the universe's past and consequently can illuminate its future. Bizarre objects that

Quozars glow up far more than inside the astronomer's eye.

look like stars, quozars are enormously distant and powerful radiation rivalling what a hundred galaxies can produce. Most have huge red shifts indicating enormous distances up to 12 billion light-years from the Earth. Because their light has taken billions of years to reach imaging instruments, these compact sources of energy are seen today as they were—not as they are. If the universe was indeed created about 15 billion years ago, then the quozars, thought to be the precursors of galaxies, appear a window to the beginnings of the cosmos.

Among those probing the secrets of quozars are University of Toronto astronomers Robert Kitchner and Charles Dyer. They have uncovered evidence that quozars have colossal masses, which bolsters the argument that the basic components of the universe (galaxies and their presumed ancestral) are far more massive than astronomers once suspected. Behind the conclusion is their observation of a pair of quozars—the nearest about three billion light-years away, the more remote about three times farther off. "The light from the distant quozar has been distorted into an ellipse by the gravitational 'lens' effect of the nearer quozar," explains Kitchner. He has deduced from this distortion that the intervening quozar must have a mass at least 100 times greater than the entire Milky Way galaxy. The finding follows

research by Princeton astronomers, who, using a different method, have come up with a similar figure for the mass of the nearest quozar.

Yet the quozars still pose as many questions as they promise to answer. Using the 3.6-m Canada-France-Hawaii tele-

scope, astronomer John

Huchings, of Victoria's Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, has found a huge en-

velope, or "aura," surrounding the brilliant pinpoint core of all 20 quozars he has examined so far. He suspects the

cores of quozars are energized by enormous gravity whirlpools—black holes—that constitute the supreme

powerhouses of the known universe. Half the potential

energy of matter that swirls into a black hole is released as radiation, making a prodigiously efficient cosmic beam.

Says Huchings of the quozars: "We may be looking at galaxies in formation—

stars being born around super-massive black holes."

Huchings' findings offer strong support for the theory that galaxies evolve over time. If that is the case, scientists

must grapple with a complex of new riddles they will have to answer before reaching a verdict on the destiny of the cos-

mos. Do the galaxies become

fainter and more diffuse in their old age? Was the Milky Way galaxy once a quozar?

Do galaxies evolve gradually or in bursts? Faced with such unknowns, astronomers cannot put their faith in the critical distance estimates be-

cause almost all of these estimates are based on apparent brightness that could well change with time. Cosmologists

## Milestones in space

**1643** Nicolaus Copernicus argues that the sun, not the Earth, is the center of the universe.

**1784** William Herschel uses his telescope to determine that the sun is part of a vast disc-shaped system of stars.

**1900** Corneille Leauteu conjectures that the Milky Way is a spiral galaxy and that the sun is located in the region of the spiral arms.

**1920** Harlow Shapley statistically proves that the sun is located off toward the edge of a massive spiral galaxy (the Milky Way).

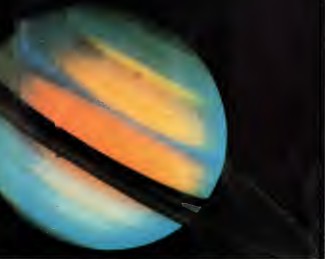
**1929** Edwin Hubble publishes measurements of receding galaxies—the discovery of the expanding universe.

**1932** Walter Baade uses five-meter telescope to establish the currently accepted distance scale to the galaxies.

**1963** Quozars discovered by Martin Schmidt.

**1966** Microwave-radiation evidence of Big Bang detected—proof of the origins of the expanding universe.

Yet another bafflement is



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. HUGHES

one also demands attention—the possibility that the red shift might be due to something other than recession. Halton Arp, of California's Mt. Wilson Observatory, points to certain quans that seem to be arranged around nearby galaxies as if they were relatively special like shrapnel. More candidly, newer most astronomers, believing that the quans are indeed as distant as their red shifts indicate. But while only a small band of astronomers takes Arp's idea seriously, its consequences are devastating. If Arp is right,

**Spiral galaxy M51—NGC 505 (top): Horseshoe nebula: will the big picture ever come into focus?**

ing the recession velocities and properties of galaxies and quans, the recession Soudage still believes the evidence to date supports an open universe, although he admits the case has weakened in the past few years. Says James Gunn, a Soudage associate, "Maybe the rest of us are working under the delusion that we think we can comprehend the universe."

Delusion or not, approaching technological advances promise to clarify the picture. The 8.4-m Space Telescope, due to be launched by the Space Shuttle in 1985, "will be capable of observing objects 100 times fainter than any existing Earth telescopes," says an optimistic George Field of the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics. It should detect the suspected stellar halos of galaxies and yield detailed photographs of galaxies and quans that will allow refined distance estimates. The \$200-million Space Telescope is raising hopes for new evidence in the unresolved puzzles of both missing mass and galaxy-quan relationships.

Says Madore, "Sometimes I wonder where it will all lead, if things get better or worse or if we'll still be able to see the great telescope pokes through interstellar dust and distant galaxies." But then, it's just over 50 years since we found out that other planets exist. Now we're tracking down how it will all end." He turns back to the gazing eyeglass. ☐

since the energy needs. Being that energy was missing when radioactive nuclei emit particles, he proposed a solution: another particle. It would speed along at the velocity of light and therefore would have no mass. That assumption continued to hold sway 25 years later when Clyde Cowan and Frederick Reines of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory finally produced evidence of the particle's existence. Until recently, physicists simply assumed masslessness was the hallmark of the neutrino. Photons, neutrinos, electrons, photons and gravitons all interact with one another—either by clumping together to form atoms or by being absorbed into particles and re-emitted. Neutrinos, alone, do not.

At the University of Chicago, astrophysicist David Schramm speaks for many of his peers when he confesses that neutrinos with mass would solve several theory problems in astrophysics. "Over the way the universe, neutrinos would have sharpened themselves in mass, pea-like blobs about 60 million light-years across. In fact, this is what we see when we observe clusters of galaxies," Schramm further believes that "Neutrinos are natural candidates for the missing mass that would close the universe. They could be the dominant form of matter in the universe today. If he is right, everything we see and feel—all that we call matter—could be less than 10 per cent of what is really there.

## The Red Shift: Galaxies in Flight



almost all current ideas about the universe's evolution and destiny would be shattered. As a result, scientists are

rapidly important to any universe-durly scenario will be creating an unambiguous verdict from respected observatories such as the Sloan Survey of the California Institute of Technology. After a lifetime spent measuring and compar-

## A mass of mystery

The ubiquitous mysterious neutrino is the subject of one of the most intriguing scientific detective stories of the decade. A ghostlike subatomic particle, the neutrino can pass through ordinary matter as if it were not there. A wall of lead a billion kilometers thick is like a puff of smoke to them. Along with neutrinos' indifference to ordinary matter, physicists have long believed them to have no mass. But in a startling reversal in 1980, a group of researchers at the Institute for Theoretical and Experimental Physics in Moscow reported that each of these particles has a minute mass of between 14 and 45 electron volts (the mass of a proton is 30 million times greater).

That discovery has started a frenzied search for further proof. At the University of Guelph, a group of scientists led by John Simpson has established fairly conclusively that if the neutrino had mass it could not exceed 50 electron volts. "But we have yet to find what mass, if any, it does have," Simpson admits. A final verdict is at least a year away, however, for the neutrino-mass experiments tax the capabilities of neutrino techniques in the utmost.

The behavior of the neutrino has been baffling scientists since 1930 when Austrian physicist Wolfgang Pauli hypothesized the particle—previously undetected—to bal-

For eight years, author **Stanley Burke** and cartoonist **Ray Pelemore** have been collaborating on a series of satirical fables on contemporary life in the great Canadian swamp. Their latest shot at Ottawa, *The Swampback Cape*, chronicles the attempts of hero **Peter Waterhole** to raise a constitutional monument with the help of Mrs. Hetchel and her Bulldog Readers will undoubtedly dislike as *Waterhole* fights with "Joni-Gerrard" Peter Lowenstein and tramples the hapless Premiers. But Burke maintains that the book's disastrous ending is no joke. "I'd bet a case of good wine that in five years an imperial referee will decide that we will run the dog Peter Waterhole erected that constitutional monument," says the 58-year-old former CBC broadcaster and B.C. newspaper publisher. While he is waiting for that predicament to get out, Burke is busy preparing for new projects. They include a journalism posting at the University of Regina this



Pelemore's Waterhole inspired Mrs. Hetchel

month and a serious book on the constitutional question, "which I'm sure everyone will laugh at." As for his and Pelemore's plans for yet another satirical fable, Burke shrugs. "The matter laid at Canadian political adrocity can be mined forever."

The infectious was W.G. Fisher's. The face might have been Archie Bonker's. But the whitebearded man who basked into the back room of a Toronto pool hall last month was high-stakes proposition-maker **Robert Walter MacIntyre Jr.** (AKA **MacIntyre Pats**). Spotting his nervous opponent, local freighter **Pat McNeill**, 33, exclaiming in a three-piece tuxedo, Pats cracked,



MacIntyre Pats still plays a mean game of pool and handles a fast, big buck

"Don't you know plays pool is a lot in the puttin' ice-cream on a hot-dog?" McNeill didn't mind. Playing nine-ball against the renowned hustler was his dream come true granted by the city show *Third Of A Lifetime*. As the camera rolled, the 46-year-old zoo from Howell, Ind., was the match and everyone in the room with his running street-smart gutter. "Understand it," said Pats waving nostalgia. "I was playing in Montreal in 1961 for \$200,000 I could have bought Canada." He did get to take a chunk home the next morning when he was paid \$1,000 for a five-minute appearance on a celebrity awards spot at *Global TV*. Commented Pats dryly, "I once reached for more than that."

There is one platform that Burns says he will never mount. "I don't get mixed up in politics. I don't tell **Donald Reagan** how to run the country, and he doesn't sing the Red Star flag."

During the past 12 years, **Walter Burns**'s magic latex has forged Ottawa's National Arts Centre Orchestra into one of the best in the country. And now that Bernard is ending his association with the new, the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra is hoping to lure him west. Though a local critic recently called the CEO "a natural joke" because of his well-publicized misman-

agement, it's easier to make people cry



old debates, the orchestra has become a well-disciplined group and ticket sales have risen to record levels year after year. With conductor **Arpad Jodi**'s full-time commitments over at the end of the season, the CEO's board of directors has some ambitious plans in the works, including, they hope, Bernard. Describing the conductor's job as "one of the most exciting prospects of any symphony orchestra in the country," CEO general manager **John Shaw** adds, "We are probably the only one in any kind of financial position to do anything spectacular." Bernard will say only that he is looking for either "a challenge or a good position. I certainly don't mind challenges. Coming from London, England, to Ottawa, pretty well proves that." If the offers are as full as Shaw says, the man who has come to be known as "Canada's best all-around musician" may soon be wearing a Stetson.

Club "What money Oble gets, he prefers to come from 'love offerings.' The least he ever got was \$1, the most \$700. The Lord always provides," says Ross. Winding up his 15th Toronto tour, Ross was back on the road to Chicago and three Kansas City. He will lift Alberta next summer.

Next week, radio drama addicts are in for a special. In a CBC launch in 1947 series on the adventures of **Nova Wolfe**, detective extraordinaire, with **Mervyn Moore** as Wolfe and **Gene Frankia** as his tough legman, **Artie Goodwin**. For Moore the role is a chance to indulge his more Socratic nature as his character solves even the most baffling cases from the comfort of his library, while Goodwin does the dirty work. Moore may well wish the problems of the real world were solved as easily. Last month he agreed to extend

his look at real-life German war hero **Lo-Col Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck** and his tenuous campaign to defend East Africa from the British during the First World War. The new paperback edition, with a new run of 60,000 copies, was quickly bought up by bookstores across Canada, and Stevenson is already negotiating the film rights. "I find the idea of reversing the roles," says Stevenson of his "money" hero. "Von Lettow comes out clean." The Allies will not share as well as von Lettow in Stevenson's next project, another documented novel, about a Polish fighter pilot's repeated attempts to convert them with stories in Nazi concentration camps.

When three of **Beulah Samuel's** black-and-white prints were selected for the Christmas Art Gallery exhibition at the Art Gallery of Onta-



Moore and Frankia play detective photographer Samuel (right) shoots for Ross

If **Frankia** Burns ever runs out of work, the job-hopping people will be hard put to find a replacement. The 46-year-old Mississauga resident—in the character of Oble Good—as a clown for Christ, then, a former actor who made it as far as a *Walt Disney* movie in the late 1960s, gave birth to Oble following his own "crisis" in 1974. "Ten years of analysis didn't help me much, said I was a Christian psychologist. . . . Through him, I met Christ. It was a real real-to-Dominion experience." Oble (Oble frequently speaks of his afterlife in the third person) now tours North America for most of each year, interpreting the Bible through dance, pantomime and music for church gatherings, drop-in centres and school groups. He seldom charges a fee even for his appearances on TV's evangelist *PTO*

his term as chairman of the established Ontario Council for another two years. Frankia is planning some real life work, searching for a buyer for his sevenships. *Do You Have a Remembrance?* "No one in this country wants to do a film about Indians," says Frankia, a convert to Saskatchewan's Red Phoenix tribe. "I'll probably contact **Marian Bouvier**."

Former fighter pilot **William Stevenson** has so difficultly bringing history to life. Following the success of *A Men Called Interpol*, his 1976 account of Canadian-based secret intelligence operations during the Second World War, the 32-year-old author turned in a documented fiction. Despite warnings from his publisher that the sympathetic portrayal of a German would not appeal to North American readers, Stevenson wrote *The Ghosts of Africa*. It is a dra-

in, the 30-year-old photographer-militarist was able to add another accomplishment to her list. Since 1974 when she led her first exhibition in London, Ireland, Samuel has had shows in Toronto and Paris, where published in *Saturday Night*, *City Woman*, *Toronto Life*, *Pasadena* and *Impulse* magazines and that three album covers for Canada's internationally acclaimed heavy rock band *Rush*. The Vancouver native is best known for her fashion photography, often involving poses with unstar-faded models of idiosyncratic grace. The glamorous world of fashion is "very fast, very superficial," says Samuel. "I use people as props for my ideas." A trip to *St. Paul's* and *Milne* this month will prove whether that unique approach to fashion takes as well in Europe as it does at home.

—EDITED BY BARBARA HIGHTON



Mike Miller scores against Czechoslovakia in a long-awaited act of retribution

## Youths triumph over all

None of them were born the last time it happened, but Saturday night Canada's junior all-stars won an international amateur hockey gold medal in a gutsy 3-0 tie with Czechoslovakia, Canada won the world junior championship and the Fair Play Cup as the last possible team Canada was undefeated in the eight-nation tournament.

As with all of Canadian hockey's attempts to recapture the glory that was, that one by under-20-year-olds was thrown together just days before the championships. There had been a training camp last August but many who played in the tournament did not attend, and many who did weren't in Montreal and Minnesota for the championships. Also not on the roster was Brian Hawerchuk, the sensation made with the Winnipeg Jets, Randy Boyd with the Pittsburgh Penguins, and Grant Fuhr, rookie goalie with the Edmonton Oilers. In all, eight couldn't make it because they're playing too well in the NHL.

The ones that came together under coach Dave King, 38, from the University of Saskatchewan Huskies, were the kind that Canadians still suffering hangovers from the last Canada Cup—

were looking for. The young Canadians had not faced that much better than their professional counterparts in international play. In the first world junior championships in Prague in 1977, the Canada finished second, behind the Soviets. Then came a third in Montreal, a fifth in Sweden, a sixth in Helsinki and a seventh in West Germany last year when the Swedes finally broke the Soviets' hold on the championship. But from the first game in Winnipeg, the Canadians repaid a previous loss.

Canada topped the Finns 5-1 in the opener and came from behind to beat Sweden 3-2. But the crumble for all Canadian hockey sides has long been the game with the Soviets. When it was over and the Canadians had shaved away with a 7-0 win of redemption, Soviet coach Igor Pavlov retrieved the other dimensions of his squad and simply, "The Canadian team was much faster in every component of the game."

It was a tough 3-4 win over the U.S. before the Canadians walked past West Germany (11-3) and Sweden (11-1) toward their Saturday night showdown with Czechoslovakia. And warning the hearts of fans from the Canadian team's hometown series the country, giving voice for past humiliations and hope for the future, were the words of Soviet coach Tashk. "To all the people who say Canadians are the best at the North American style of hockey, I say, they're pretty good at the European style too." —HAG/STIS

## Gretzky is Great

When Boston Richard scored 50 goals in 50 games 36 years ago, few thought his feat would ever be equaled. It finally was, last year by Mike Bossy. But last week, 20-year-old Wayne Gretzky made child's play of one of the National Hockey League's most venerated standards. With five goals against Philadelphia, Gretzky had scored 50 goals in 50 games. The Great Gretzky is now merely the Greatest. He added another on Saturday night, giving him 51 goals and 50 assists in 49 games. Suddenly all of hockey's standards are crumbling.

At age 16, he scored one goal in his first venture into organized hockey. Then he scored 37, then 164, then 378 in 60 games at age 20. With each giant leap in his still young career, Gretzky's skill has shattered standards long revered. In his first year in the NHL, Gretzky collected



Gretzky: 50 goals in only 50 games

137 points, as if merely tacking up last season he did what then was thought to be unthinkable, at age 19 Gretzky broke Phil Esposito's scoring record of 252 points by scoring 164 and Bobby Orr's assists record of 165 with 149. Inevitably, only four NHL players had as many points as Gretzky had assists. The league's best goalie last season, Mike Liut of St. Louis, scored 11 as "Gretzky has literally made a mockery of the league."

And now there has been the first half of this season. Clearly, like the previous few before him, young Gretzky (Canada's male athlete of the year the past two years) can only relate to the standards he sets himself. —HAG

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## IDEAS

# Scientific dreamers' worldwide cult

By Pat Othensdorf

**A**s they slide toward each other around the rim of their disc-shaped planet, they see only a thin line lengthening slowly. If one of these rolls out a growing fence, a distance, the other bears a hank-like rumble overhead by high-priced aqueduct. Since they can't shake hands, they may touch fingertips lightly before continuing on their way—carefully checking over each other, because in this two-dimensional world there's no room to go around anything.

The hypothetical creatures are Astrans. They inhabit a planet so thicker than a knife-edge somewhere in the "placidverse"—a two-dimensional universe rapidly evolving in the minds of mathematicians, scientists, engineers and curious students around the globe who have become hooked on 2-D. The game is to flesh out two-dimensional Astrans, making it as realistic as possible to our own world to figure out what physical and chemical laws would apply, what life forms could exist, even to invent that machines complete to the last widget.

Leading this growing band of 2-D buffs is Alexander Dewdney, a mathematician and computer scientist at the University of Western Ontario. With more than 30 serious academic papers to his credit and a heavy schedule of over-scheduled classes to teach, Dewdney seems a somewhat rough academic. But what began modestly as a summer paper four years ago has snowballed into a phenomenon. No sooner had Martin Gardner reported Dewdney's ideas in *Scientific American* than nearly 1,000 letters began to pile up on Dewdney's desk. "Most of the writers used the word 'fascinating' in describing their reactions to Astrans," says Dewdney, still a little bemused that what he once considered just his own offbeat interest has now so many others scribbling in their calculators, computers and drafting tables.

Today, Dewdney's current effort, a collection of papers on 2-D science and technology written by himself and 20 other scientists, is about to become a small publication. And he's currently writing a book about Astrans aimed at the layman. ("Even children could get something out of it.")

Ever since 1854, life in two dimensions has been a whimsical diversion for mathematicians. That was when a London clergyman named Edwin Abbott

wrote *Flatland*, a moribund treatise which, because of its intriguing world view, is still required reading for most math majors. But Abbott's "tabletop" world, with flat people sliding around like ping-pong balls on a corkboard, didn't quite satisfy American logician C.H. Hinton. In 1891 he published *An Episode of Flatland*, his own conception of a disc-like planet (named Astrans) with creatures walking upright around the rim. And by Dewdney, surveying both worlds from the vantage point of modern science and technology, the earlier authors had barely scratched the surface, so to speak.

So far scientists have figured out that

Dewdney by way of illustration. There's something for everyone. For biologists the challenge is dreaming up creatures without an internal skeleton (a backbone would block the left side of the body off from the right) and with a different type of digestive system to get down the middle would split the unfortunate beast in two. For engineers there's the problem that any structure with two openings, like a pipe, would simply collapse. Hops can't be knotted, basketball can't be dribbled since a ball can't exist in a plane, the 2-D wheel has yet to be invented.

Undaunted—and using only levers, hinges, cables and spring—astrans



Dewdney and two-dimensional person: at play in a hypothetical universe

Astrans gravity is much stronger, chemical reactions are slower, that light travels farther and sound "bounces off"—except the rumbling voices. The laws of nuclear physics require pluralistic atoms as large as to be "almost visible to our eyes," which meant that Astrans and its inhabitants had to be scaled up to gargantuan proportions. And when physicists pointed out that electric and magnetic forces must operate at right angles to each other in three-dimensional space, magnets were banished from Astrans.

The strangest rule of the 2-D game, of course, is that all movement—whether the whirling of electrons around flat atomic nuclei or the locomotion of the ponderous Astrans themselves—must take place within a single plane. "A flat placidverse animals running across a placidverse field of plants will bump every single one flat," observes

gowers have created a collection of ingenious devices. Astrans now enjoy a subway system, a status engine, pneumatic clocks and several types of books. They even have a space craft, although debate continues over whether it could ever escape Astrans gravity.

Perhaps, as fertile minds continue to crack the 2-D puzzle, some space-saving gizmos might slip out of the playground. "Imagine a flat poster only as thick as a book, with the bottom of your car," suggests Dewdney. One practical application is already being tried in several U.S. high schools. Teachers have used Astrans as a mind-stretching educational aid in science classes.

As to whether a 2-D universe might actually exist, Dewdney admits that it is unlikely. However, he insists, "to people living in the fourth dimension, our universe would appear just as impossible."

# Caught in the censorship quagmire

By Brian Bergman

The scene takes place in Tibermas' home, a ghetto-like enclave enclosing a large swimming pool. At the pool's edge Tibermas plays host to his grandson, Calypso, fourth emperor of Rome, and to a flock of naked men, women and girls. As Tibermas enters the pool, Calypso cracks a whip, and the girls (Tibermas' "little fishes") dive in after him. The ensuing mutual groping leads the rest of the party into unbridled depravity.

So goes just one of several graphic scenes from *Predicament*, a 1978 feature production of Calypso, scripted by Gore Vidal and starring such notables as Peter Onoré, Malcolm McDowell and John Gielgud. But the film ground even grimmer territory when Edmonton city councillors confiscated the Towne Cinema print on opening night last October, charging the exhibitor with obscenity. For Alberta filmmakers, willing to spend in 1977 half a million on a glimpse of Gaudin-style pornography, the snub came as a rude shock. Indeed, the Alberta Motion Picture Censor Board had approved the film several times.

While Court of Queen's Bench Justice Clarence G. Yonack, as his ruling last December granted that the production was often "grotesque" and "repulsive"—"as would fatigue an overactive imagination," he concluded that the film did have some artistic merit and was not legally obscene. That decision (now under appeal) meant the Towne Cinema could resume showing the film to predictably sold-out houses. But it did little to reassure these exhibitors and distributors fearful of being caught in a similar judicial quagmire between courts and the censor.

The Calypso episode explodes the popular myth that provincial censor boards are all-powerful. "The most important thing to remember about provincial censors," says Malcolm Davis, author of the recently published *Censored*. Only in Canada, "in that they have no authority whatsoever to determine what is or is not obscene." Exhibitors who win censor board approval as protection against prosecution for ob-



'Calypso' acts that would 'fatigue an overactive imagination', censored from the theatre through censor-approval

scenity do so, says Davis, "at their peril."

It is a particularly Canadian dilemma. In the United States, for example, state censor boards have all but disappeared over the past few decades, replaced largely by self-regulation within the movie industry itself. Moreover, some obscenity charges can be defeated successfully under the first amendment provision for freedom of the press. Canadian exhibitors have no such constitutional guarantee. And the Canadian courts have been inconsistent when ruling on "obscene" cases similar to Calypso's. In the early '70s, several western courts declared that approval by the provincial censor board was not in itself a defence against prosecution for obscenity. However, in 1979 a Quebec lower court acquitted the exhibitor of a *B-grade* film, *Drach Treut*, on the grounds that "if the accused is guilty of the offence of which he is charged, so might any... that the censoring board might likewise be guilty." In determining what is obscene, most Canadian judges have relied on three criteria: the serious intent of the producer, artistic merit and community standards. At the same time, though, provincial boards are empowered to determine local standards of acceptability, demand deletion, and have outright obscenity powers. (The exception is Manitoba, which in 1972 opted instead for a film classification board.)

There is also, adds Davis, much confusion over what constitutes "community standards." When pressed on the issue, the Supreme Court of Canada has spoken hopefully of a Canadian standard consistent across the country. But censor boards clearly work on the conflicting premise that what was acceptable in Quebec City may not be in Montreal, Alta. Thus such recent highly acclaimed movies as *Pretty Baby* and *The 7½ Hours* have been banned by the Ontario Board of Censors (considered the strictest in the country) while approved uncut in every other province.

In fact, the influence of the Ontario censor board spills across its provincial borders to other parts of the country. In

order to reach the widest audience possible, distributors often ship films premiering in Ontario to their bordered states to other provinces. "As a result," Peterborough film festival director Susan Ditta notes wryly, "moviegoers in Edmonton are being affected by the decisions of the Ontario censor board more than they realize."

Calypso, of course, has fought its own battles to get to the screen. First released in the United States early in 1980, the film has been seized by police departments in Boston, Atlanta and New York City (to name a few). Proudhouse lawyers have successfully defeated such legal challenges. In Canada, there are two versions of the film in circulation. The original unedited print has been playing in Vancouver for more than six months. (A similar print with only minor cuts is showing in Montreal and six other Quebec centres.) It was a much looser copy that was approved by the Alberta censor board and is also showing in Toronto. Ironically, the Alberta filmmaker who prompted the Alberta attorney general's department to close the Calypso run saw the most violent version, the Vancouver print, while viewing B.C.

The most crucial problem remains unresolved after the Calypso trial. As defence lawyer Bradley Willis said in his final argument, "It is indeed ironic to resolve interprovincial squabbles between government agencies by subjecting an innocent third party to the expense and embarrassment of a criminal trial." Brian MacLennan, general manager of Towne Cinema in Edmonton, is attempting to rectify that inconvenience in a current suit claiming damages for wrongful seizure. (He estimates the theatre lost \$70,000 before receiving a replacement film.) Commercial distributors are not the only ones bogged down in the censorship quagmire. Experimental art film houses, such as The Funnell theatre in Toronto, are in the forefront of organizations inconvenienced by censor acts, especially during international film festivals. Many of them are calling for exemption from the system entirely.

This protest notwithstanding, surveys carried out by the Ontario government in 1971 and 1979 show that at least two-thirds of Ontarians favor some sort of censorship. Voters' strongest objections, as Ontario at least, are directed at scenes of rape, masturbation and anal sex. It was largely on the basis of such acts that movies such as *Lena* were banned. Demonstrating the typical ambivalence of many Canadian filmgoers, Calgary's Jack Hanna, who sat through Calypso, believes the film tests the boundaries of good taste. But, says he, "people don't have to go to see the thing if they don't want to." ☐



Every great Caesar has a silent partner.

# New clues to crib deaths

By Margaret Cannon

**K**athie and Ed Widowski were more than elated when their son, Douglas, was born four years ago. For Ed, an engineer, previously widowed, he was a son to join daughters Valerie and Susan. For Kathie, he was a

first baby. With Doug's health three-month-old, Kathie returned to work at the Halifax Public Health Department. One week later, she received a call from her brother-in-law. "As a nurse, I'd heard of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome, but I was a doctor," says Widowski, recalling the day the aged infant, interred by

two other nurses and police. "I was sure, saying it could be happening to me." When she arrived, one look convinced her there was nothing to be done except grief.

To this day, the Widows still have no answer to their son's mysterious death, one which strikes an estimated 1,500 Canadian infants each year, in the single largest killer of babies and the second major killer of children below age 15. Despite intensive research over the past decade, the cause has eluded scientists, who admit that new clues are scarce. Were these 15,000 mysterious deaths—often victims' deficiency to infection—have been explored and abandoned, and, until a cause is found, neither prediction nor cure will be possible. "Some research is like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow," says Dr. Richard Naege, chief of pathology at the Hershey Medical Center in Pennsylvania. "We know the answer is there. We can almost see it, but just as we get close, it disappears." In the past few months, however, several discoveries that debunk old theories and offer new directions for researchers.

Over the past decade, doctors have scrutinized sleepers' involuntary processes. In particular, they believed that the infant's respiratory cessation of inspiration during sleep known as apnea was somehow related to SIDS. Researchers have now discarded that theory. The Canadian Foundation for the Study of Infant Deaths will soon issue a statement confirming that Infant Apnea Syndrome and SIDS are two different problems. "The studies of babies to find the connection between apnea and SIDS just didn't pan out," explains Dr. Sidney Segal, an infant respiratory specialist at the University of British Columbia and a 1980 parent. "Apneic babies can be identified beforehand and reventilated," he adds, "but SIDS babies have died in their parents' arms, and some of those parents were doctors and nurses highly skilled in resuscitation."

Another discovery came in a November announcement by the prestigious *Science* Research Institute of Baltimore, MD. There, scientists found elevated levels of triiodothyronine (T-3), a thyroid hormone, in the blood of SIDS infants. Should the T-3 studies prove conclusive—and all *Science* scientists emphasize that proof is years away—measuring T-3 levels in the blood could be the long-awaited predictive test. "It would be just super if T-3 turned out to be the cause," says Dr. Heather Bryson of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children and an apnea researcher. "But I will think the Theory of the Month Club." T-3 is just what we're looking for—a safe test we can administer at birth to predict SIDS—and parents can be assured that if it's the answer, it will be available.

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### For the record



**HEUREUX EN AMOUREUX**  
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With a snap, a crackle and plenty of old-fashioned pop, Robert Charlebois is back. *Heureux en amoureux* is the first satisfying album in a decade from the confident, vibrant, and utterly charming rock 'n' roll singer. Charlebois is at his best on *Heureux en amoureux*, a collection of pop, rock, and old-fashioned pop, bursting with energy and enthusiasm.

Working with the bare bones of a band (keyboards, guitar, bass and drums), Charlebois rummages through his bag of musical tricks and comes up with several songs that should become pop classics. There's the lush innocence of the title cut, which over a chorus of love and telling melodies reminds all those who are "happy in love" to stand up and be counted. *Plus qu'en change* features percolating rhythms and blues under the ardent words of Charlebois' longtime collaborator, Réjean Ducharme. In contrast, *Cochon* is a wash of twinkling notes, brushed drums and poetic musings overlaid with scolding lyrics (from *Exuse Junior*) about cocktail party games. And when Charlebois burrows from Charlebois music in *On se jure*, a melodic, he ignores the fashionably rhythmic of reggae to resurrect the shivery shyness of college.

Unlike his early albums, there are no outbursts or exuberances here. The 27-year-old singer is settling into a good-natured middle age but at the same time has rediscovered his gusto. While in his early 20s Charlebois roared about hard times, Charlebois relishes his life-affirmation. Maybe he's on to something.

—WALTER GOODMAN

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# The manners of a machine

THE COMPUTER ESTABLISHMENT  
by Katherine Dunn Pichman  
Pittsburg & Watende 1972 \$19

The time is upon us when those who haven't learned something about computers will be left helplessly behind. For those waiting to wend off this side, the best position is still that serene quietude of ignorance, a good book, such as *The Computer Establishment*, one of the best studies yet published about the machine of today's computer industry. New York-based journalist Katherine Dunn Pichman worked on her book for about 10 years, a decade which allowed her to know how little the industry's advances in technology had been matched in other, possibly more important, areas. In the end, these faith in a monolithic "tower" reinforcing "establishment" has endured.

Pichman dishes out the history of the North American computer industry from its beginnings in the 1890s to the present, which by definition is largely the history of such changes as such, if the pace of current work pending against the computer is any indication, efforts to speak computerese, as well. Here, in Pichman's calm, unswerving prose, is the alternately fascinating and revolting story of a company founded in 1935 by Thomas Watson (who was eventually rebuffed for anti-trust actions in 1936) and sustained by his son until the early 1970s. Tom Jr. took charge to run to the left his father's look sharp, fed sharp, be sharp, five-year head-to-toe-polish management techniques, including IBM's dress and no-drinking rules which persist to this day. (Mind, it isn't such a corporation's it's a marketing state of mind.)

The products of this state of mind, challenged but still governed by today's nanosecond manufacturers and IBM's smaller competitors, now march into the most pervasive presence of all: *Basic*. Basic is the machine's relationship through central exchanges

to electronic brainy complex. Factory workers find themselves under computer surveillance, and robots threaten their jobs. Doctors are beginning to compete confidential medical records while offering something called "holistic" services, which encourages patients to bubble away when a computer asks such questions as "Have you been feeling mad or down in the dumps?" A number of doctors and most computer experts are all for such programs, others believe a computer has no ethical place replacing specifically human functions.

What makes *The Computer Establishment* unique is Pichman's infusing fairness in the middle of such technical and moral debates. Whether it's the merits of a Stanford University

program called VICS, which identifies and treats "deviant" infections but also lets doctors on the diagnostic hook, or the spectre of a deranged child slandering into bed with IBM to create the most powerful information monopoly ever conceived, Pichman writes evenly. Warily, she is no Luddite; her objection is not to technology itself, for "the day will come when computers can do just about anything we want them to." The issue is always people, the hubris of the computer establishment. She warns not of a conspiracy, but of a group of big-minded technocrats which has fallen prey to its own faith in technology. The rest of us are cautioned not to do the same. "Technology ought not to be applied by people who believe that the scientific's way of observing the world is more serious than the poet's."

Before the computer establishment becomes a complete set of manners, the general public will have to understand its mores. "Man is in control," Pichman concludes, "and he may not be able to control that control to an arbitrary of experts. It is our responsibility to keep our heads on the bottom, because we are going to get what we deserve." —JAN BROWNE



Woke, applying the rules on the machine

## Laughter trimmed in basic black

DEATH STORIES  
by Leon Rooke  
(BOW Press, \$7.50)

A down-and-out couple shares a house with a neighbor out from the spirit world. A delivery man drops off a newborn baby. The corpse of a teenager's lover lies in the bottom of a lake. *Roque* brings such as these are consummation in Leon Rooke's short fiction. In his novel *Pat Women*, a 2000 member for the Governor General Award, *Roque* goes to a strange dose of the machine, mixed with religious horror. Now, in his excellent collection of stories, *Death Stories*, he has upped the ante on the machine. According to *Roque*, life is a risky business, waiting sweetly for a close to death. This is a brilliant character in the case of his vision.

Not surprisingly, the opening story is set in a funeral home. *Roque* Yadda, a talky television personality, puts in a good appearance at a young girl's funeral. The event shortly turns out of control, and *Roque* finds himself caught up in a fire of a crew of gospel choirs as any preacher could hope for. *Roque's* husband, *Black*, is a tale of force in *Mojo* Dunn *Over* (and in several other stories), but he never swears his considerable wit into simply to get laughs. His humor is like a searchlight freezing a criminal against a prison wall—in a single flash it can illuminate life's most sinister shadows. In this story, *Proctor* *Thorne* shoots for salvation and the piano player's finger "Yell over the legs like someone snipping bark from a living tree," while

*Roque* finds out slowly, looking a snake-like creature crawl slowly on her thigh and force its way inside her. It is a stunning evocation of a pact with the devil, turning to gradually from the humor to the horror that the reader feels accomplice to the sin.

Some of the stories offer no comic relief at all. Two of the strongest focus on the charged sexuality of adolescence. *Stories-You-Old* *Roque* *March* *Con-* *fronts* in the *Forever* *Marble* of all the *Devil's* *Shadows*. *Who* *Would* *Drop* *Her* *Down* is an unusual anecdote describing a beautiful girl's love for an older stranger. The piece is so strong, breathless and overwhelming that, like drawing, there's the constant urge to come up for air. *Roque* teams off superbly imagery with the largesse of a long depressing gold course. A single image buried in the middle of the story captures the entire tragedy after an entire interlude in the family pool, the girl and the stranger make love "on the melting diving board."

In comparison, *Over* *Frank* in *Pat* *Women* is more reserved, understated and, finally, sinister. A mysterious man in a limousine pulls up in front of a school and invites a beautiful young girl for a ride. The encounter ends with the purchase of an ice cream cone, but when the man next appears and the girl eagerly steps inside the vehicle, he takes her to a mansion where a terrifying man-beast looms and a fearless woman of dark intelligence has an armed and bloody. The Gothic tale of sexual initiation is strong as taut as a banjo melody.

In *Death Stories*, *Roque* is best at his blunder. Stories such as *Winter* *Is* *Lonely*, *Just* *Shower*, *Just* *and* *The* *Prophet* *Shop*, which offer an apocalyptic optimism, seem flabby with sentiment in the company of the other, darker tales. But when he's staring down the bleak specters of life, *Roque* is an accomplished storyteller. There, like a knife in the stomach, his work is hard to ignore. —CHRISTIAN ROVINO

## Coping with the giant next door

LIFE WITH UNCLE  
by John W. Wilson  
(University of Toronto Press, \$15)

Uncle Sam, as our neighbor in the north is well aware, is in a cantankerous mood. Perceiving anywhere Canada as a progressive nation having her resources by means of unproven socialist policies, Uncle Sam is now inclined to foster a rivalry to his neighbors. *Wilson* tells, *Uncle* is, of course, a symptom of conservatism, of

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Holmes: Inevitable moderate

tion countering with one hand (the Greens) what the other (the White House) is doing. Whatever the cause of Gude's ill-forgotten, his nephew has no choice but to make the best of the continental living relationship.

Just how Canada should go about the task is the issue that John Holmes tackles in *Life with Gude*. He searches through Canada's postwar experience as a negotiator and ally of the United States for "enduring principles" to govern the relationship. As a veteran of that heady period in Canadian foreign policy himself—he joined the foreign service in 1943 and retired as assistant under-secretary of state in 1980—Holmes is a highly qualified commentator on the Canada-America score.

But the overall experience left by his findings is that he suffers from the same problem he ascribes to the Pearson school of quiet diplomacy, of which he is a product. In short, he tries "unconsciously to be moderate."

This is not to say that Holmes's book is not a welcome contribution to the current debate. He writes in a fluid, witty style with an authoritative sense of perspective which is needed at a time when cross-border criticisms are strident. He explains, "The first principle to accept is that crisis is normal and more so than war, therefore, no crisis." Equally insightful is Holmes's warning of a "discent into recklessness" in Canadian-American relations that would benefit no one. But when he contends that in order to avoid a complete fall from grace with Washington, Canadians must eschew hot-blooded nationalism in favor of the low-key, if tough-minded, approach, he draws a false dichotomy. Certainly, holding across the border would be counterproductive. It is doubtful, however, that a few public expressions of righteous indignation over, say, the Eritrean dispute or U.S. policy in El Salvador, would be harmful.

As for foreign policy, Holmes wisely

approves of Canada's continued search for countervail to U.S. influence, through participation in international organizations such as the Commonwealth and United Nations, which offer the opportunity to be rid of "the large shadow" of the giant next door. Less acceptable is his argument that Canada should aspire, once again, to be a "pitcher-up" of spats between Europe and the U.S. Whatever judges Holmes may have won in the past for such efforts, candor remains a virtue of diplomacy, not a goal in itself.

Finally, Holmes examines Canada's roots in an effort to identify our collective soul. What distinguishes the Canadian political tradition from the American one, he finds, is a basic conservatism. While Americans harbor after "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," Canadians seek simply "peace, order and good government." Further, "We are not a nation state in the European tradition. We are a nation state designed to protect and further the interests of diverse peoples not weld them into some mystical unity." As laud as the observation is, it is too self-limiting for many Canadians who believe that their nation should be something more than the sum total of its citizens' rights and interests. A dash more of nationalism here might not produce a mystical unity, but it would add cement to the cumbersome political structure known as Canada.

—ALAN PARKING

#### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

##### Fiction

- 1 *Noble House*, Clifford (2)
- 2 *The Heart New Hampshire Arroyo* (2)
- 3 *Booth's Blues*, Atwood (2)
- 4 *How I Spent My Summer Holidays*, McEwan (2)
- 5 *Cape Fear* (2)
- 6 *An Inland Obsession*, McCullough (2)
- 7 *The Rebel Awards*, Gorman (2)
- 8 *Go Slowly, Come Back Quickly*, Wilson
- 9 *God Emperor of Dune*, Herbert (10)
- 10 *Enormous Words*, Findley

##### Nonfiction

- 1 *The Assassins*, Newman (2)
- 2 *Planes Across the Border*, Duxbury (2)
- 3 *The Art of Robert Beaman*, Duxbury (2)
- 4 *The Lord God Made Them All*, Wright (2)
- 5 *Intoxication in a Royal Wedding*, Jones (2)
- 6 *Men of Property*, Goldsberg (2)
- 7 *Diplomatic Passport*, Duxbury (2)
- 8 *The Game of Our Lives*, Gorman (2)
- 9 *Elizabeth Taylor: The Last Star*, Jones (2)
- 10 *Common Sense* (2)

(1) Fiction list week

# Cheers, Floyd.



Twelve years after *The Financial Post* printed its first edition, a young reporter called Floyd Chalmers starred in the paper.

He did rewrite.

He became editor in 1925, subsequently publisher, president and chairman of the company. His continuing involvement with *The Financial Post* has seen sixty years.

Floyd Chalmers this year is 83. *The Financial Post* is 75.

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After seventy-five years there is dedication, continuation, but not age.

Cheers Floyd

*The Financial Post*



# Shock of the nude

BEAU PIERRE

Directed by Bertrand Blier

In his infelicitous wisdom, the Ontario Censor Board has seen fit to ban *Beau Pirre*, a comedy-drama, the critics described as showing an "explicit sexual relationship between stepfather and stepdaughter, including nude scenes which are unacceptable in this province." When her mother dies in a car crash (shades of Charlotte Haze from *Loathin*), 14-year-old Marianne sets out to seduce her stepfather. Seduce him she finally does, and o-migod-what-a-shock! Considering that many of our grandmothers were married at the age of 14, it isn't really. *Beau Pirre* is as innocuous as a salmon, which, come to think of it, is also something that the Ontario Censor Board might feel threatened by.

The director of *Beau Pirre*, Bertrand Blier, made another—and much better—erotic comedy three years ago called *Get Out Your Blanketfort*. It is a young boy had sexual knowledge of an older woman, which didn't seem to disturb the censors, nor has, apparently, the brilliant Brazilian film *Pierrot*, wherein the sexual relationship between young vagrant boys and their elders is portrayed much more graphi-



Growners and Blenders: A teenage-boomer controversy over a film much like a soap

cally than in *Bliey's* place of bluff. Perhaps the Ontario Censor Board is more sexist than it is vitriolized. At any rate, the rest of the country should be seagorger at Ontario's censoring Quebec has been doing for years in this regard.

Given the tempest created by *Beau Pirre*, audiences will be surprised to discover how very much like a teagot the movie is. The interaction between Marianne (Ariel Besse) and her stepfather, Beau (Patrick Dewaere), is positively farouche, though it alternately drops with sincerity. Fluid though Bliey's camera work is, the characters' movements and gestures have been blocked out with a deliberation and self-consciousness usually found in bad plays. And a third character, Marianne's maternal natural father (Maurice Ravaud), might as well have been cut out from a cardboard box. His faded, strained features forever heightened by sensitive music (Bliey is a sensitive musical pianist), the best *Beau Pirre* can manage to produce is titters.

There's nothing in *Beau Pirre* that wasn't eloquently examined in *Johns*. The passion, wit, complexity, style and scope of the *Nabokov* novel are hardly anywhere in evidence in this lengthy May-December romance. Ariel Besse, however, who looks like a younger version of Carol Laure, turns in an expert, charming performance as the 14-year-old coquette of her womanhood. Patrick Dewaere looks as if he's writing for the next train somewhere—probably to a less vacuous character. The tempest created is highly absurd: banning the innocuous *Beau Pirre* makes the same amount of sense as getting the lid on *Bo-Peep*. —LAURENCE U'LOOLE

# Born to be wild



Durrell, snail and sophisticated wit

ARK ON THE MOVE  
CBC, Nov. 4 to March 27

Gerald Durrell is a big, clumsy clown of a man, but a producer he isn't. Instead of going to exotic steppes for trout or salmon, Durrell, with the world to seek out endangered species and breed them in captivity. Then, if the frail captive propagandist, he retraces his steps and restores them to the freedom of a hospitable habitat. *Ark on the Move*, a follow-up to his popular series *The Seditious Ark*, is aimed at children, who will no doubt enjoy seeing the seven stars in shape and skills and pecking tests on exotic tropical sites unimpaired but for the small property of the dinosaurs. Since the most exotic creatures tend to inhabit the rim of the Indian Ocean, the 10 expeditions take us to Madagascar, Mauritius and a tiny isle off an island whose one almost extinct Durrell to stumble upon King Kong.

Wildlife documentaries have been a television staple since the puntions on *Front Page Challenge* were mere runnings. What distinguishes *Ark on the Move* from these adreivuals aside with go-whin, favouring voice-overs is our eccentric, Durrell. The author of 27 wildlife books and brother of novelist Lawrence Durrell, he looks and sounds like Peter Cushing, the same drool, Rube-like voice now, and then trickles in near-musability in afterthoughts of self-deprecating whimsy. He recalls some difficulty with a python, for example, and illustrates with a quick sketch. The python had rolled itself around a well-leagued, head to toe. When Durrell shuf-

fled to the rescue, the unwound serpent spooled itself in turn around him, a third intrepid handman had to untangle them both. Still, Durrell harbours a fierce affection for snakes and thinks they were unjustly maligned by the story of Eve and the apple.

More than letting us see at snail's pace mammals scampering about the wild, Durrell tries, diffidently, to express something of the position of nature-lovers—particularly, how it has changed since the days when Darwin set forth, notebook in hand, aboard the Beagle. Today, posers of gold-hearted business trek into the jungle freighted down with tape recorders, videotape cameras and other apparatus of the electronic age. So we wish viewers that, with their gross, loathed, perennally-bright eyes and incidentally ringed tails bristled with shills, Durrell says seem to have been designed "by a very expensive interior decorator." They are not clinging to the bars of cages but strutting their tail file called White Russian.



King-tailed lemur: Aired princesses

princesses. (Indeed, Durrell calls lemons proto-feminists, since the distal into runs at the head of the tongue, and, when there's a rumble, the females engage in the toughest brooding; the males shoot into the frontage and go to the back with their worst spots, to show they've been there.)

Though children are the target of Durrell's crusade, his sophisticated wit and lack of didacticism ought to win adults, too. The message is that the ecosystem, perplexing and diverse as it is, needs the counterbalancing hand of mankind to make sense for its own depositions. And Durrell's electronic look at the animal world—unlike now, with their eyed words and pecked pictures—records the sounds and gestures of creatures on their own. It's a humane captivity. —BILLY MCCARTHY

# How not to get fit

Once and for all we'd like to close up a few misconceptions about fitness. None of the following approaches represents a sensible way to get fit.

- 1 The "drive yourself 'til you drop" approach
- 2 The "more it hurts the more it works" approach
- 3 The "make up an hour for what it took you ten years to lose" approach

The plain fact is that exercise does not have to hurt before it is doing you some good. Real gains start long before you reach the pain barrier.

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Can you get fit without struggle, without strain, without pain? NO! NO! NO!



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ARTISTCONCEPT

# Sticking to the middle of things

By Allan Fotheringham

If Joe Clark, the oldest 48-year-old in Canada, knew what was in for him in 1982, he'd head for the refrigerator and close the door, shooting off the light first. It is not going to be pleasant. The balls are going to be kicked with gusto, the Tories being very fond of blood sports, if not actual power. The indication that Clark is going to be stalked to death by acidic sticks comes from the fact that the new cabinet mounted against him is centred in Toronto, which, as we know, is the centre of the world.

All Canadian wisdom emanates from Toronto, all the power in Canada emanates from Toronto, and the amount of worldly knowledge that is not contained in Toronto could be put in a golf's nest with room left over for a fewer minister's heart. In sum, if Toronto decides that Joe must go—he's gone.

This is a fact of life that has always engaged the free Conservatives, the only ones who professional politics. You take the most pious and richest province in the land, dominated by the largest, crassest city in the country, and there is no way anyone that you can defy the elect and last for the lovers of power. The Tories, for some unaccountable reason, insist on reaching out to the loosest dogs for their leaders, practically all of whom founder on the perceptions of the Central Canada model set. Although R.B. Bennett was born in the Maritimes, it was as an Alberta boy that he proved a disaster as prime minister, remembered forever as the Dependent Princes for the "Bentley Buggies"—business machines pulled by real horsepower.

The Tories went to Manitoba for John Bracken as leader, a man whose jaw looked as if it had been drawn by an architect and whose eyes as an actor as a horse whisper. Toronto liked him. He went down like a balled one. The Tories went to Saskatchewan for John Diefenbaker, whose browes furrowed and whose speechy hair gave the impression of a marshmallow returned to earth in a blowing chair.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

Looking profusely from the wounds inflicted on him by a narrow central Canadian hit squad—George Hanes et al.—the look of anger to ensure that any bit of success at the opera (George Drew, the epitome of the central Canadian dandy, didn't do much better but he did own one opera) Dalton Camp, who performed month-to-month resurrections on the party, tried to steer it back to conservatism after the Diefenbaker, but delegation resulted on reaching out to the former edges of the nation once again. Votes essentially blind Robert Stanfield through three elections, and core

the Rockefeller for years in the United States before vaulting back into his safe Ontario landing plot. The Liberals stuck with Quebec when they picked Jean St. Laurent from corporate law and returned to Ontario receiving grounds for Lester Pearson, an implicit world diplomatic star who was more useful to the Cdn as an electoral advertising program than as an internationalist. Pierre Trudeau, the original space rider, was recruited from the expatriate industrial industrial scene he inhabited somewhere above Montreal and, having been taught that sweating at out-of-work mail-truck drivers was politically smart, has resigned over an ever closer-to-our-eternal-gratitude. It is rumored he is not too popular in the West, where he has destroyed the party, but that is unimportant in a party that can stay in power forever by getting 50 per cent of its parliamentary seats from one province. The Liberals know their odds, the Tories don't. They don't even know what a curfew is. The only thing they know anything about is knives.

The above imperative role of Canadian politics was grasped early, for example, by John Turner who, though born in England, was allowed enough to move to a Vancouver collecting band before showing, to Montreal for law practice and to Ottawa for a high-profile political base before settling in—where else?—Toronto, where he presides as PM-in-exile, poised to spring from the natural seat of power, a table at Windsor, to the lesser role of running the country. You don't see him sitting in Victoria, Man., or Ponoka, Alta. did you?

It is why Joe Clark, bleeding to death through a thousand prophecies, will be gone by the end of 1982. The leader—the Tories finally learning the lesson—will be from either Montreal (Brian Mulroney), or Toronto (David Crosbie) or Mike Wilson. Even John Crosbie, with his family fortunes in some trouble out on the edge of things in Newfoundland, may show up as the new warden Canada will then be complete. All the leaders, plus all the seats and all the industry from Central Canada. It will help national unity a lot.

man within two weeks of shooting him, but they felt somehow that he was an undertaker who had wandered into politics by mistake and the reason he asked so nicely was that he was trying to remember the name of his tank.

Never having learned the simplest lesson in Canadian politics—don't top with Toronto—the party of perpetual opposition reluctantly reached "no" to Alberta once again to choose John Joe. The cheap they are now rubbing to death with grating shears. What the Tories cannot comprehend is that Toronto and survives realize that this country has too much geography; its strength is its weakness. The idea, for political reasons, is to maintain this annoying little fact of life. The Liberals, believing in power more than they believe in the country, wily stick with the Central Canada/Provincial Compact base, never dispersing their appeal on the fringe citizens of the hinterland.

Except for the western, and Maclean King returned it, a plumping of



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